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REVIEWS

Archives of the House of Orange.—[*Archives, &c. Première Serie.*—Vols. I. II. & III. Leyden, Luchtmans; London, Richter & Co.

THIS collection of historical documents has been undertaken at the suggestion of the King of Holland, who has entrusted the vast mass of private correspondence accumulated in his family, to his private secretary, with permission to select and publish the more valuable public documents, especially those relating to the Dutch and English revolutions. Three volumes are before us, embracing the correspondence from 1552 to 1572, and, consequently, including the outbreak of that insurrection in the Netherlands which terminated in the first great triumph of civil and religious liberty, established the republic of the United Provinces, and destroyed the dangerous preponderance of Spain over the states of Christendom. William I., Prince of Orange Nassau, the hero of the subsequent revolution, is the writer of most of the letters in the first volume, and not the least valuable result of them is the new light they throw upon his character. It is generally known that this prince was born of Protestant parents, but having, while very young, entered into the service of Mary of Hungary, and afterwards into that of Charles V., he conformed to the religion of the Court, became a great favourite of the Emperor, and received substantial marks of his friendship. We find him, indeed, in a letter to Pope Pius IV., denouncing heretics in sufficiently harsh terms; but at the same time he shrewdly hints at some faults of the Established Church which required amendment.

I could wish, indeed, that the pestilent heresy which, contrary to my expectation, has crept into my principality of Orange from the adjacent parts of Gaul, could be extirpated as easily as it was introduced. Wherefore, deeming it necessary that some check should be given to the common evil, which has invaded the states of many other princes, as well on account of the misdeeds of former times, as the general insanity that has seized all Christians in our own day, I have resolved to restrain it not merely by punishment, but by purer, more frequent, and more strict sermons. I have written to the chief officers of my principality, and severely commanded them to take care that the doctrine of our Orthodox and Catholic faith, as we have received it from our ancestors, should be taught in all the churches throughout my dominions, in its original purity, and with greater strictness every day; and that those openly or privately inculcating contrary doctrines, should, without any respect of persons, be thrown into prison, and incur the penalties of proscription and confiscation.

This promised zeal in checking heresy ended in an edict that contributed to its advancement. Preaching was interdicted without the licence of the president and parliament; but a contemporary Catholic writer tells us, "The president Parpaille, who heretofore employed all his efforts to sap and ruin the Protestant religion, will henceforth be one of its chief supports. He is won over to the Reformation; the greater part of the parliament is ranged on his side; the liberty of preaching is authorized in Orange, without contradicting the prince's edict, which permitted it in case of the preachers obtaining official permission." We do not agree with those who impute hypocrisy to the prince for

his letter to the Pope; indeed the pontiff himself regarded the epistle as a proof of the author's being already far gone in heresy.

Grotius informs us, that while the prince was a hostage in France for the execution of the treaty of Cambray, he discovered the design formed by Henry II. of France, and Philip of Spain, for exterminating Protestantism, and that he gave notice of it to his friends in the Netherlands. We find no trace of such a communication in these volumes, but we have ample proof of the close watch he kept on Cardinal Granvele. In a letter to his brother, Count Louis, he says—

I trust in God that all matters would go well, if those that relate to the Cardinal and ourselves were terminated. I send you an extract of a letter that M. de Cambray (Maximilian de Bergeles, first archbishop of the city,) wrote to the said Cardinal, by which you will see their good intentions, and the friendship they bear to the princes of Germany. If you should go near the young Landgrave it would be well if you showed him this extract, especially the passage relating to the kings of Denmark and Sweden, which assuredly is no joke for one or the other; but I intreat of you not to give a copy, lest it might be discovered to come from me, for I understand that there are persons at both courts in the pay of the Cardinal.

The extract referred to must not be omitted; it relates chiefly to the state of Valenciennes, where the reformers had acquired such force as to liberate from prison two persons condemned to death for heresy.

With respect to the affairs of this city of Valenciennes, where I arrived the day before yesterday, I have no important matter to communicate to your Excellency, for I have not yet conversed with the Commissioners; one thing I may say, the plot is discovered, and the plot of the whole is known, and only that people say we ecclesiastics are ever clamorous for blood, I would recommend, as they are now in distress, that we should push our advantages to the utmost, and seize the principals, without regarding whether they are poor or rich, or even whether such rigorous measures would bring ruin on the city; for assuredly, my Lord, the evil being this time discovered, we should give suitable directions, otherwise if they see reason to believe that we hesitate or are afraid, their liberties will increase so rapidly that remedies will be hopeless; and that not only here, but in many other places. On the other hand, if we chastise those here, the others will be frightened, and will behave themselves rationally.

It seems to me, from what your Excellency writes to me respecting the King of Poland, it will be a parallel to the war between the frogs and mice; it would be well if the Landgrave of Hesse, and those like him, were involved in war, to prevent their sending aid to the Prince of Conde.

The Prince, supported by Counts Egmont and Horn, passed so many affronts on Granvele that he returned to Spain, conduct which Philip never forgave. We find several letters in which William speculates on the probable course that would be adopted by the Spanish despot, of whose character he seems at first to have taken too favourable a view. But the termination of the Council of Trent, and the fear that Philip would sanction its edicts, infused suspicion into the minds of the reformers, with whom, early in 1563, the Prince of Orange had finally identified himself. Count Egmont, a brave soldier, but a poor statesman, was sent into Spain, and the king promised every concession that would gratify his subjects, but instead of keeping his word

he published the edicts of the Council of Trent, and established the Inquisition, with all its worst severities, in the Netherlands. The second volume commences with the confederacy formed in January, 1566, to maintain the ancient privileges of the provinces, and to abolish the Inquisition. The covenant executed by the nobles is written with more fervour of style than belongs to the Prince of Orange, and we think it probable that it was the production of Brederode. It was subscribed by Catholics as well as Protestants, and Brederode himself headed the deputation that presented it to the Duchess of Parma. This illustrious lady, who seems very reluctantly to have followed Philip's commands, wrote to the Prince of Orange for advice and aid. In reply, he strenuously reprobates the attempt to establish the Inquisition, and describes at great length the dangers that would result from the attempt to enforce the sanguinary proclamations; adding,

If, however, His Majesty and your Highness persist in your design of maintaining them and enforcing obedience on all points, seeing clearly that they cannot be put in execution without hazarding the utter ruin of the state, to which, perhaps, his Majesty would pay some regard if he were present, I would prefer to have some other person commissioned in my stead, better acquainted with the humours of the people, and more able than I should be to preserve tranquillity; I love not to hazard incurring the disgrace that would sully me and mine if any inconvenience arose in the Low Countries while under my government and charge.

The editor contends that William was sincere in the professions of allegiance to Philip which abound in this and many other letters; he certainly did not as yet contemplate raising the standard of independence, but we think he had formed plans for greatly restricting the prerogative of the Sovereign. The complaints of Philip's tyranny, in a letter addressed to his brother, for the purpose of being shown to the German princes, prove that he found it a difficult matter to reconcile allegiance and resistance.

His said Majesty, influenced by evil councillors, and by the pure spite which the Spaniards bear towards us, is resolved that his proclamations should be enforced in all their rigour, and that the inquisitors should perform their functions unrelentingly; which, without any fault on their part, alienates the minds of his subjects, so that there is reason to fear some tumult or revolt, which we, on our part, should be glad to prevent, knowing well that if such a change should take place, we should be the first injured and ruined; but though our remonstrances proceed from a good heart, and from a desire to prevent ruin and the shedding of innocent blood, they are interpreted by his Majesty and the lords of his council in a far different sense, as if they nearly amounted to treason. Hence we are in a great strait, for on one side is manifest ruin if we keep silence; on the other, the displeasure of our sovereign, and the stigma of disobedience. In a matter of such importance, I wish to take advice of my lords, knowing that princes of such quality will not take it in bad part that I ask their advice in an affair of such moment.

A much stronger proof, however, of the prince's unwillingness to break with Philip, is contained in another letter to Count Louis, dissuading him from forming any connexions with foreigners, and recommending the confederates to attend the congress at Brussels unarmed. In April the confederates presented a strong re-

monstrance to the Duchess of Parma, who promised to comply with their demands if she could procure the king's consent. But this was a mere artifice to gain time: no sooner had the confederates dispersed, than the persecutions recommenced, and, what was of still greater consequence, the association was broken up by the violence of enthusiastic preachers; Protestants quarrelled with Catholics, Lutherans fought against Calvinists, and the Spaniards were thus enabled to tyrannize over all. William frequently complains of the Calvinistic branch of the Evangelical party, as utterly unmanageable, from spiritual pride and intolerance. In a memoir drawn up at Antwerp, he says,

His Highness finds the Calvinists very violent, and can discover no remedy to induce them to become moderate; he has reason to fear that their excesses will prove the ruin not only of this city (Antwerp) but of the country in general.

These extravagances soon led to more culpable excesses: the Calvinistic party, instigated by some preachers from France, in spite of the remonstrances of the nobles and many of their own pastors, began to break the crosses and images in the churches, to deface statues and paintings, and even to destroy the harmless ornaments of the cathedrals. These violences completed the alienation of the Catholics, and many Lutherans, among others the Count de Mansfelt, prepared to secede from the confederacy. The Count d'Egmont, one of the steadiest friends to the liberties of the Netherlands, felt himself bound as a Catholic to give the government his aid against these madmen; but he seems to have tempered his indignation with mercy, and thus added to the suspicions already entertained of him by the Court. Count John, of Nassau, actually addressed a long letter to his brothers, advising the Lutherans and Catholics to unite against the Calvinists and Iconoclasts, and by resigning them to the tender mercies of the Inquisition, purchase peace with the King of Spain. Alluding to this and similar representations, the Prince of Orange, at a subsequent date, writes to the Landgrave William:

I am not a Calvinist, but it seems to me neither just, nor worthy of a Christian, to wish, that for the sake of such differences as those between the doctrine of Calvin and the confession of Augsburg, our land should be covered with troops, or inundated with blood.

A new oath of allegiance was now imposed by the regent duchess, obliging persons to swear that they would regard as enemies to their country; and traitors, all whom it pleased the king to proscribe. The Prince of Orange refused to alter the form required by the laws of his country; and he retired, with many other nobles, into Germany. The third volume commences with his announcement of this resolution, which appears to have been accelerated by his knowledge of the character of the Duke of Alva, whose mission to the Netherlands was announced in 1567. The prince thus explains his conduct to the Landgrave of Hesse:—

Not wishing to leave room for the reproach that I am the chief agitator and instigator of the people to resistance, I prefer to be at a distance from this place and not to witness deplorable deeds which my heart and conscience disapprove. As far as I can foresee, all is over with the provinces; deplorable massacres must ensue, myriads of pious Christians will be deprived of their money and their lives: unless, indeed, the Almighty God prevents the coming evils, by inspiring the German princes and electors with a determination of saving this country from such horrible disasters.

Alva commenced his ferocious career by arresting Counts Horn and Egmont. In vain did the German princes remonstrate; they were brought to trial on the most frivolous charges, condemned, and executed at Brussels with in-

dignities more cruel than death; the Prince of Orange's estate was confiscated, and his son, who had remained behind, was arrested and kept a close prisoner. The universal cry of the Netherlands at length induced the prince to take up arms in defence of his country; but the entire merit of this noble resolution was unknown before the publication of these Archives, from which we learn that he had to encounter not only the apathy, but the direct hostility of the German princes; indeed, Maximilian threatened to place him under the ban of the Empire. But the Prince of Orange wrote a long letter, vindicating himself, to his friend M. de Schwen-di, with the design of having it laid before the Emperor, as, in fact, it was. In this epistle he very eloquently describes the cruelties and oppressions of the Duke of Alva, and appeals to Maximilian's selfishness:—

Whence his said Imperial Majesty may rest assured, that coming to the succession, he will have, instead of a rich and powerful country, full of loyal vassals, a land impoverished, depopulated, deprived of its commerce, the prey of the first potentate that will undertake its conquest. Moreover, there is reason to fear, should the Spaniards once obtain a footing in the country, that his Imperial Majesty will not only be deprived of the succession of the Low Countries, but also of all other realms, since, once masters of the Netherlands, they will feel assured of being protected from danger in every quarter.

William had "harped the Emperor's fear aright;" he was permitted to continue his preparations, without the threat of "the ban" being renewed: but two defeats of the Protestant army, under Count Louis, by the Duke of Alva, and the failure of the Prince's invasion, proved very unfavourable to the Protestant cause. The conduct of the Princess of Orange, under these trying circumstances, added greatly to William's embarrassments; her violence of temper, her encouragement of unworthy favourites, and her obstinacy, always increased tenfold when she had a consciousness of being in the wrong, severely tried the temper of her faithful and affectionate husband. On one occasion, despairing of success, he begged her to come and see him, which she refused, on some frivolous pretext; his remonstrance is at once touching and dignified:—

My wife,—I have seen by your letters, and heard by our secretary, the causes and reasons that have induced you not to come to see me on this occasion, which reasons are certainly in nowise sufficient, in relation to the duties and obligations that bind a wife to her husband, if she bears him any affection; for to say that you have made a promise never to enter this country, does not counterbalance the pledge you gave in presence of God and the Church, that you would abandon all earthly considerations to follow your husband.... I say not this with the design of persuading you to come hither, since it is contrary to your inclination, but to remind you of the obligations you are bound to fulfil, as well by the commandment of God, as by the affection I have ever shown for you, so that, let the future bring what it may, my conscience should bear me witness of having pointed out to you the duties you are bound to fulfil by every divine and human law; more especially at this moment, when I am in such great perplexities, and when, as you well know, nothing gives greater comfort than to receive consolation from a beloved wife, and to behold with what patience she bears the cross, which it has pleased the Almighty to bestow upon her husband—a cross, too, which he bears unreluctantly, since it is the result of his labours to advance the glory of God, and purchase the liberties of his country.

After stating the great difficulties of his situation in consequence of his brother's recent defeat, and the apathy of the German Protestants, he replies to her recommendation, that he should abandon the cause of the Netherlands, and seek refuge in France or England:—

I wish that the affairs of France were in such a state as to allow of our going thither with safety, for the condition of the poor Christians would be better than it is now; and I can assure you, if God, through his mercy, does not apply some remedy, the poor Christians in that country will be as much or more afflicted than they are in the Low Countries. If the French King thus treats his own subjects, how think you he would act towards strangers? Hence you can infer how small is our chance of finding a refuge there. Respecting England, there are many circumstances which I dare not entrust to paper, but if you knew them, they would take from you all desire of seeking shelter in that island. Our affairs are in such a state, that the question is not whether we should wish to go, but what place would be disposed to receive us: for I think, that both cities and republics will think twice before they grant me admission; and the Queen of England, the Kings of Denmark and Poland, and the Princes of Germany, are very likely to do the same.

In conclusion, he says—

I leave here to-morrow; of my return, or the time when I am likely to see you again, I can give you, on my honour, no certain information, for I have resolved to place myself in the hands of the Almighty, that he may guide me according to his good pleasure. I clearly see that I must pass this life in pain and misery, with which I am well content, since it is thus pleasing to the Omnipotent, for I know that I have merited his chastisements; I only beseech him to grant me his grace to bear all patiently, as I have done hitherto.... You may be assured, that your affairs will never proceed more prosperously than I wish them, and that nothing can give me greater pleasure than to learn that matters turn out to your satisfaction. I now pray Almighty God to illumine you with his Holy Spirit, and to give us all that holy light of which we stand in need, so that when we stand before his tribunal at the great day of judgment we may be able to render him a good account of our actions.... From Dellenberg, Nov. 11, 1569.

About this time, the Prince, probably at the instigation of Coligny, issued letters of marque and reprisal to several persons of quality, who soon rendered the name of the "Gueux" of the sea" formidable throughout the whole of Europe. Unfortunately, they did not confine their hostility to their enemies; the desire of gain led them into various excesses, until they became absolute pirates, apparently with the secret connivance of their Admiral, the Lord of Dolhain. Several letters, in the third volume, describe the embarrassment produced by this untoward event; one especially, from Coligny, too long to be extracted, deserves the attention of the historical student, on account of the clever sketches it incidentally brings into view, of the political condition of Europe at this crisis. The close of the year brought full evidence of the criminal conduct of Anne of Austria. As the Prince's subsequent marriage with Charlotte of Bourbon has been made the subject of many reproaches against his memory, it is but justice to make a brief extract from the confession of her paramour R—, addressed to Count John, of Nassau.

It is a miserable species of defence, when the criminal must conclude by throwing himself at the feet of his accuser; I have never done anything else, as your Excellency well knows, from our first rencontre to the present hour. I have confessed my abominable crime—I have repented of it—I have condemned myself, and pronounced the sentence of my own death. If, since then, I have implored your pity, it is rather through the regard I have for my wife and children than through any desire of life, well knowing, "*quanto longius sentem vitam traxero, tanto plus supplicii fore.*"

In the beginning of 1572 the revolt of the Netherlands seemed completely crushed; but Spring had not ripened into Summer when the Spaniards found that it was only beginning in

† *Gueux*, beggars, a name given in derision to the Flemish insurgents.

earnest. The cruelties of Alva had produced so much discontent, that the appearance of the Prince of Orange on the frontiers was the signal for a general insurrection. William thus states his success to his brother, Count John, of Nassau:—

It having seemed fit to God of his good pleasure, since our last interview, to conduct me as far as this place (Essen), I am anxious, without delay, to give you an account of the success with which a gracious Creator has designed, day after day, to crown our efforts; having already placed in our hands all the cities of Holland, and several in the adjacent provinces, particularly Dort, Haarlem, Leyden, Gorcon, with its castles, and likewise the fortress of Lowesten. Also news reached me last night, that our people have mastered Bommel and Harderwyck, and that garrisons of my troops are established in both. This will induce me to exert myself more diligently, according to the means that God will grant me, to succour and assist my countrymen. I hear nothing yet of the measures adopted by the enemy; but, as far as I can learn, it will take him a considerable time to bring his forces farther from Germany. I do not mention this as a matter on which I rely, but I trust that the merciful God will help me to advance much farther, though, as you know, my means are still very limited, and I have yet no assurance of pecuniary assistance. Still, I will not, on that account, lose confidence, trusting that the God of battles is on my side, and that he will be present in the midst of my army.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew, a little after the date of this letter, deprived the Prince of all hope of aid from France. Unfortunately, the greater part of William's letter relating to this atrocious event, is undeciphered, but one remarkable passage is intelligible:—

And in fact the appearances (of the king of France's sincerity) were so great, that so far from my being liable to the imputation of credulity for having trusted them, that I should deservedly have been charged with malignity had I breathed the least suspicion; so very extraordinary a matter was it to conceal such dreadful deliberations under an excuse so plausible as a marriage festival, and under an alliance so much desired by the good of all parties. This makes me believe that there is not one of the princes of Germany who expected so tragical a result, which I mention because ordinarily prophets in abundance are found after the event, who blame others for too great readiness to believe professions, in order that they may exalt their own superior wisdom. I have no doubt that such will be found in abundance at the present crisis.† However that may be, it has pleased God to deprive us of all the hope we could have placed in man; for on the same day they have massacred the Admiral (Coligny), the Count de Rouchefoucault and his son, M. de Telyny, M. de Pelles, and five or six hundred other gentlemen, besides an infinite number of a lower class, without any regard to age, sex, or merit. Afterwards the king declared that it was done by his command; suspending the exercise of religion, and forbidding his subjects under the penalty of the halter, to give me succour; and what is more, he has sent auxiliaries to the Duke of Alva.

Three thick volumes of interesting historical documents necessarily present a variety of subjects likely to distract the reader; we have therefore confined ourselves to those that illustrate the character of the great hero of Protestantism, and liberator of Holland. There are many other persons to whom we should gladly have introduced our readers—the impatient Brederode, the indecisive and unfortunate Egmont, the worthy Landgrave of Hesse, the avaricious, and, we fear, treacherous Augustus of Saxony, and the Emperor Maximilian—but we must, in such case, have written a volume instead of an article. Above all, we regret being obliged to pass over

the other branches of the House of Nassau, and the pictures of paternal affection and filial reverence, that relieve the embarrassments of diplomacy, and the horrors of civil war, in this correspondence. But we must make room for part of a letter, written by the old Countess of Nassau, to her son Louis, when first he took up arms to aid his brother William.

O my dear son, I learn with anxiety the difficulties and perils that press upon you. Counsel nothing, do nothing contrary to the word of God, the safety of your soul, the prosperity of the country and its inhabitants. Supplicate your Heavenly Father to enlighten you with his Holy Spirit; that he may teach you to set your heart upon eternal things, above all others. That is impossible without the aid of the Holy Spirit, which you must seek by incessant prayer. O, in what pain I am for you! how many terrors encircle me on your account! Live in the fear of God: address yourself to him, supplicate him to deliver you from evil, and to lead you in the paths most pleasing in his sight. I will pray ardently for you; pray likewise for yourself.

We shall look earnestly for the continuation of this series; the third volume leaves William almost crushed by the effects of the fatal St. Bartholomew; the continuation will show his gradual rise from this, his lowest point of depression, until he became the champion of Europe against Spanish usurpation, and the successful assertor of religious freedom.

Book of Table Talk, illustrated with wood-cuts.
2 vols. Knight.

THESE are, in bookseller's parlance, two nice little volumes. Reader, dost thou require a definition? We hope not; for definitions are troublesome, aye, and ticklish things too. In a rough off-hand kind of way, however, we may state, that a bookseller's idea of a "nice book" is a complex of the *material* and the *spiritual*; and the result of the combination is, vendibility. Now, though this may be simple enough in theory, it is not so in practice: then details are everything; and the enumeration could not be fully set forth in a column of the *Athenæum*. As for the *material*, a nice book has a certain exterior calculated to please the eye. It must neither be too large, nor too small; the type must suit an organ that does not pique itself on its powers. It must be neither minutely small, nor too closely packed together: the contraries however must be equally avoided. So, also, the decorations must be of moderate excellence, and address themselves rather to the imagination, than the technical fastidiousness of the critic. Too splendid decorations, or a type too costly, would take the volume out of the class of nice books, as a slovenly neglect of such decencies would disqualify it for the appellation. Then, as for the *spiritual*, a "nice book" must be level to all understandings, free from specialities, and addressing itself to no parties nor prejudices. A book, to set the Thames on fire, however well got up, would have no pretensions to be called a nice book. A direct purpose in the author, especially if he follows that purpose with manifest earnestness, would also defeat the nicety of his work. Without pursuing this matter further, it will be readily granted, that a book of table talk is pre-eminently qualified to become a nice book; and if Knight has succeeded in rendering the present volumes nice, he has done all that should be required of a mortal biblioplist.

The spiritual attribute of table talk is, to be amusing; and the volumes before us are not deficient in that quality. But the secret of their composition lies in an attendance upon the library of the British Museum: and we are inclined to think that storehouse of everything must contain unworked mines of anecdote, in which amusement would be more mixed with originality, than in

the materials of these pages. Many of the stories are anything but new to ourselves; and lest the publisher should object to our objection, on the ground that critics by virtue of their office know everything, we must add, that we do not think any ordinarily informed reader will differ very widely from our opinion. At the same time we must admit that there are very few of these iterations which do not bear the repetition reasonably well. But we will let the compiler speak for himself; and shall begin with a piece of information which will be the etymology of Milliner, which the author deduces from—

"Milan. Hence our word *Milaner*, which has dropped into *Milliner*. Milan is still famous for its dressmakers and *conturieres*, who are second only to those of Paris."

We subjoin the etymology of antimony, not certainly for its novelty, but for the sake of the remark involved in it:—

"The monk Valentine, who wrote the *Currys Triumphalis Antimoni*, is supposed to have invented the name, and there is a tradition that he came by it out of the failure of an inductive experimental process, as follows:—He had given some antimony to the pigs who acted as food for the monks of his convent: the pigs eat it, as pigs will, and became fat in consequence, having previously been lean. Whereupon Valentine, reasoning like a Bacon, be-thought himself that what was so good for a pig might not be very bad for a monk, and accordingly treated his brethren, who were worn with fasting, to an antimonial dinner. Never was the distinction between a pig and a monk so clearly shown before. The monks all died, and left behind them no memorial except the pig-meat, which they did not live to consume, and the name antimony (*anti-moine*), which Valentine gave to the metal."

Here is the author's etymology of *festin*:—

"One day Lignière was asked why he ran so eagerly after good dinners and festivals; 'Because they will not run after me,' he replied, and then added this ingenious piece of etymology; 'Our ancestors called their feasts *festins*, from the Latin verb *festinare*, to hurry or make haste, in order to show that people ought always to make haste in going to them.'"

The following are from a chapter on the Mistakes of Translators:—

"The ingenious writer (Mons. Grosley) called our pugilistic combats 'Le Box.' Everybody, he says, knows the passion of all classes and conditions of the English for the Box, and he adds, 'The Box is an indispensable part of a gentleman's education,—fathers and mothers make their children fight in their presence; the professors do the same in all schools and colleges, and the *Boxeurs* begin by *butting* with their heads like rams.'"

• • The extravagant amateurs (*les amateurs outrés*) of horse-racing, we are informed, are called 'Black-legs,' from the colour of their boots, which they never take off. (Query, did Monsieur wear white boots?) The 'Bond-street loungers' are said to derive the name from a light repast in the middle of the day, which they take in the eating-houses, and which is called a *lounge* (qy. lunch?) The patriots of England, according to another accomplished French tourist, are called *Wigghes*, from the Isle of Wighh, where all run-away matches are made. But this is less amusing than the felicitous accuracy of a Parisian journalist, who translates the title of our newspaper, 'The Independent Whig,' by '*La Perruque Indépendante*.' • •

"In the new 'Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture,' a work of great pretension,—wherein peers of France write, and every man signs his own name, and mostly at length, and which is now in course of publication in *livraisons*, or parts, at Paris,—we have just been shown the following very laughable mistranslation.

"Monsieur H. Bouchitté, in writing the life of the German theosophist and mystic visionary, Jacob Boehm, gives a list of his numerous works, among

• • This phrase is prospective: it is not English, but it soon will be. There are now no such things as real clerks, surveyors, agents, or any other of the kind. No man has a clerk, but only a person who *acts* as a clerk. We expect shortly to hear of the matter which *acts* as tail to Halley's comet."

† William was a true prophet in this conjecture; the Landgrave of Hesse loudly proclaimed that he knew the faithfulness of Catherine de Medicis, and Theodore de Beza says "Quoties ego hec ipsa predixi, quoties premonui?"—Scrib. Aut. VIII. In another place Beza anticipates a joke of the Rejected Addresses, saying in terms, "I prophesied that, though I never told anybody."

which he sets down as one, 'Reflections on Isaiah's boots.' Now these said reflections were applied by Boehm to a theological and controversial treatise, written by a learned divine called Isaiah Stiefel; but Stiefel, as well as being a family name, is the German word for the English *boot*, French *botte*, and hence, with the help of a little blundering, came M. Bouchitté's '*Reflexions sur les bottes d'Isaie*.'

"The English translator of Beckman's 'History of Inventions' calls Barnabò Visconti, one of the signors, or lords of Milan, the *Viscount Barnabò*; but this is nothing, compared with Hoole, the translator of Tasso and Ariosto, who renders, '*I colubri Viscontei*,' or Viscontian snakes, (meaning the arms, or crest of that family,) by 'the Calabrian Viscounts!'

"The French translator of one of Walter Scott's novels, knowing nothing of that familiar name for toasted-cheese, 'a Welsh-rabbit,' rendered it literally by '*un lapin du pays de Galles*,' or, a rabbit of Wales, and then told his readers in a note, that the *lapins*, or rabbits of Wales, have a very superior flavour, which makes them be in great request in England.

"The writer of the Neapolitan government paper, '*Il Giornale delle due Sicilie*,' was more ingenuous. He was translating from some English newspaper the account of a man who had killed his wife by striking her with a poker, and at the end of his story the honest journalist, with a modesty unusual in his craft, said, 'We are not quite certain whether this English poker (*pokero*) be a domestic or surgical instrument.'"

The next "mistakes" we shall cite are more humorous:—

"In several instances the bishops, when signing their names, use the old Latin appellations, or abbreviations of them, for their sees instead of the English ones. Thus Ebor. stands for York, Cantuar. for Canterbury, Vigorn. for Worcester, and Exon. for Exeter. Some well-meaning people are occasionally much perplexed by these subtleties. Thus, an eminent bookseller having received a letter announcing the writer's intention to publish the life of Pitt, paid no attention to it, till mentioning to a friend that he had received proposals to that effect from a person he knew nothing about, one Mr. George Winton, he was not a little astounded to be told that George Winton was no other than George, Bishop of Winchester. When the Princess Charlotte was labouring under an indisposition, the Bishop of Salisbury sent frequent written inquiries to her Scotch physician, signing himself J. Sarum. The doctor, unversed in these niceties, observed to a friend that he had been much pestered with notes from 'ane Jean Saroom, that he ken'd nothing about. I tak nae notice o' the fellow,' said he."

Revolutionary Spoliation.—"He who robs me of my good name!"—

"At the beginning of the French Revolution, a Marquis being about to quit Paris for a tour, was required at the barriers to give his name. 'I am Monsieur le Marquis de Saint Cyr.'

"Oh, oh, we have no Monsieurs now."

"Put me down as the Marquis de St. Cyr, then."

"All titles of nobility are abolished."

"Call me De Saint Cyr only."

"No person is allowed to have De before his name in these days of equality."

"Write Saint Cyr."

"That won't do either, all the Saints are struck out of the calendar."

"Then let my name be Cyr."

"Sire! (Cyr is thus pronounced)—that is worse than all; Sires, thank God, are quite done away with."

Here is a new criticism on Sir Walter—we cite it for the novelty.

"A novel-writer should have universal knowledge, thought I; but surely there never was one who had all kinds of necessary erudition, except Sir Walter. I had lent his works, verse and prose, to an old mathematician and astronomer of my acquaintance; a man who loved logarithms, was partial to partial differences, feasted on functions, and constant to the calculus of variations. I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I have not the slightest notion

what all these things can be; I am sure, if they mean anything wicked, I am sorry for having written them; but really my friend talks so much of them, that it is impossible to be in his company a quarter of an hour without hearing something about them. He returned me my books however, with some remarks, of which I send you the substance. He says that he found Sir Walter generally accurate enough, at least for ordinary readers; but that in one instance he had come to a false conclusion, which, says he, is not excusable even in poetry. On looking at the point in question, I certainly found by an almanac that my friend was right. The case is as follows:

"In the Lay of the Last Minstrel, the Lady of Branksome says to William of Deloraine;

For this will be St. Michael's night,
And though stars be dim, the moon is bright;
And the Cross, of bloody red
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

"My friend has always expressed his wonder that people should put short lines, ending with the same letters, in pairs under each other; and when I have told him that was poetry, has always answered that a mere definition does not give properties unless they existed before, and has inquired what is the fundamental axiom from which the method is deduced. Really, sir, I have not been able to answer him, because I do not know what an axiom is. However, to proceed, he says that the preceding proposition, as he calls it, together with the following, make out his case. 'The moon on the east oriel shone through slender shafts,' &c. &c. is immaterial to the purpose: 'the silver light, so pale and faint, showed many a prophet and many a saint, whose image on the glass was dyed; full in the midst his cross of red, triumphant Michael brandished,' &c. &c. And again; 'Still spoke the monk when the bell tolled one;' and afterwards, 'Lo, warrior! now the cross of red, points to the grave of the mighty dead.' All this put together, he says, proves that Sir Walter imagined that the moon always shines on St. Michael's night; and not only shines, but always throws a shadow in one direction at one o'clock. He says that the reasoning of the Lady of Branksome consists in inferring that from the simple fact of its being St. Michael's night,—that is, the twenty-ninth of September,—the moon will shine as above, which he says is not true, except at the end of a certain cycle; and he explains something about Saros and Chaldeans, which made me no wiser."

One more extract, and we must conclude.

"The Scottish *Heliogabalus*.—The most distinguished dinner-giver of these realms, in the olden time, was John Hay, the famous Earl of Carlisle who flourished in the reigns of James the First and Charles the First."

"We have said he was born to no fortune. He was the younger brother of a poor but noble Scotch family, and went at an early age to seek his fortune in France, where, his genius following its proper bent, he picked up correct notions in gastronomy and the difficult art of managing banquets and collations. On the accession of James the First, he hurried over from Paris to London; became one of the numerous Scottish candidates for place and pensions and the royal favour, and was one of the few who were not disappointed. His success arose immediately out of his knowledge of the human palate, and the intimate connexion that exists between the stomach and the heart and affection of princes. While other supplicants wasted their time in exposing past services rendered to the royal cause, or puzzled their brains in devising schemes that might merit the royal patronage, Master Jemmie Hay gave the King a dinner, and that did his business at once. This fact is well authenticated by contemporary historians, and Weldon, among others, says, that his first favour arose from 'a most strange and costly feast' which he gave the King. But Hay's choice cookery and magnificent expenditure did more than this—they conciliated the esteem and affection of the English nobility and courtiers, who were most rancorously jealous of all Scotch favourites and courtiers; nor, though his rise was astonishingly rapid, and the enormous sums he received from the sovereign notorious, did they ever show any hatred or malice against him. Never, surely, was the value of the gastronomic science more triumphantly displayed. Even national prejudices and court jealousies disappeared before Hay's sa-

voir-vivre, which was a *savoir-manger*; and, in eating his dinners, the English could forget he was a Scotchman, his rivals that he was a favourite who had outstripped them in the race after wealth, titles, and honours. First of all, he was created Lord Hay; then a gentleman of the bed-chamber; then through the mediation of King James, who as Clarendon says, 'was in this office a most prevalent prince,' (meaning thereby that he married his favourites to whomsoever he chose,) he obtained the hand of the sole child and heiress of Lord Denny. To all these were added many court favours and preferments; he had a grant of the island of Barbadoes, he was made knight of the garter, and was successively created an English Baron, Viscount Doncaster, and finally Earl of Carlisle. After the death of his first wife, he married a beautiful young lady, daughter to the Earl of Northumberland. With every fresh rise his magnificence increased, and the sumptuousness of his repasts, seemed, in the eyes of the world, to prove him a man made for the highest fortunes, and fit for any rank.

Atticus, eximie si cœnat, lautus habetur.

"Abundant as were Lord Carlisle's means, they were not adequate to his expenditure; but he eked them out as men of his genius are wont to do, having, as Clarendon says, 'no bowels in the point of running in debt and borrowing all he could.' Such peccadilloes as breaking a few paltry tradesmen, and ruining a few admiring friends, are not to be judged of severely, particularly when we bear in mind facts of a sublime extravagance like the following.

"It was not enough for his ambition that his suppers should please the taste alone, the eye also must be gratified; and this was his device. The company was ushered in to a table covered with the most elegant art and the greatest profusion; all that the silver-smith, the shewer, the confectioner, or the cook could produce. While the company was examining and admiring this delicate display, the viands of course grew cold, and unfit for such choice palates. The whole, therefore,—called the *ANTE-SUPPER*,—was suddenly removed, and another supper, quite hot, and containing the exact duplicate of the former, was served in its place."

We may, if we have room to spare next week, select a few more anecdotes from these volumes.

Britannia after the Romans; being an attempt to illustrate the Religious and Political Revolutions of that Province in the Fifth and succeeding Centuries.

[Second Notice.]

ONE of the most striking features of the volume before us, relates to the reputed massacre of the British chiefs by Hengist, at a friendly entertainment given by Vortigern (Gwytheyrn), just after a treaty of peace had been concluded by the two hostile parties.

Of this celebrated event, as well as of the degree of relationship in which Vortigern stood to Hengist, from his marriage with Rowena, daughter of that chieftain, no mention is to be found in any historian prior to Nennius. If one of these events, the marriage of the king with Rowena, had really happened, Gildas, whose delight it is to revile his royal countrymen, would not have omitted it; and as this connexion must indirectly have led to the other—viz. the alleged massacre, both would certainly have been adduced by the eager declaimer in condemnation of Vortigern. Had events of such magnitude really occurred, influencing, as they would have done, the destiny of a whole people, the venerable Bede would assuredly have alluded to them. They are purely legends; and such they might have been suspected, long before they were, by any reader who weighed the strange circumstances with which the historian associated them. One of these is, that he makes Germanus, of Auxerre, to survive Vortigern; yet the prelate died before Hengist so much as appeared on the British coast. It has, indeed, been absurdly intimated, that the mission of St. Germanus to Britain

happened *after* the arrival of the Saxons; and even Mr. Turner* accuses the venerable Bede of error, "in placing the visit of St. Germanus into Britain, to oppose their Pelagian opinions, *after* the arrival of the Saxons." Bede fell into no such error: on the contrary, he distinctly affirms that the mission of the prelate was *before* the arrival of the Saxons;—*ante paucos sanè adventum eorum annos*.† Nennius, in fact, is filled with romance; his chief authority was tradition, or the songs which the Welsh bards invented, to account, without any imputation on the national bravery, for the subjugation of the country by foreign bands. Hence there is no authority whatever for the reputed massacre; and though the author of the volume before us asserts that "the transaction certainly occurred," and that "it has been unjustly brought into doubt," he can only appeal to tradition, to the fabulous Bruts, and to the poetical Triads,—all posterior, by centuries, to the event—in support of his opinion. The true reason why, in opposition to all the canons of historical criticism, he assumes it as a fact, is, that it may enable him to bring against the British chieftains under Vortigern, and consequently against the whole nation, the most extraordinary charge that ever entered into the mind of a sane man.

The vulgar story is, that Hengist, apprehensive of being driven from the island, sued for peace, and invited the British chiefs, with their king, to a friendly conference; that though all, on both sides, were to meet unarmed, he directed his men to appear with their short swords concealed under their habits; that when he should give the signal, *Draw your swords!* they should rush on the unsuspecting, undefended Britons, and kill all except Vortigern; and that the result was so,—about three hundred of the bravest nobles in Britain being left dead on the place of entertainment.

The basis of this story is to be found in Witi-kind, monk of Corbey, who gives us an account of the same act of treachery by the Saxons towards the Thuringian chiefs, as Nennius gives in relation to the Britons. It seems, indeed, to be a much older story than the time of either Nennius or Witi-kind,—much older, probably, than the period of Hengist's arrival in Kent. Both the historians evidently copied from the same common source—tradition; and the circumstances in the relation in both are so similar, that there can be no possible doubt of the existence of such a source ages anterior to them.

The tale of Nennius, which, if true, would so disgracefully affect the Saxons, the author before us ingeniously turns to the prejudice of the Britons. He admits "that Hengist, and those who were invited with him, came privily armed to the banquet, and slew nearly all the British who partook of it;" and he adds, "and that fact we have to account for, if possible." But, reader, *how* does he account for it? Why, by assuming that the Britons themselves had laid the plot to murder the Saxons in that very scene of feasting; but that Hengist having timely warning of the design, took care that his men should appear with concealed armour; that his object was purely self-defence; and that it was not before he perceived, from the peculiar looks of the Britons, that the diabolical plot was on the point of execution, that he frustrated it, by ordering his followers to draw on the conspirators! Our author, indeed, allows that the natives were unarmed;—but then he has discovered that they were all apostates; that they had relapsed into Druidism; and Druids, united like freemasons by the bond of secrecy and the

occult arts, were, as we all know, very clever people.

Whether the Saxons were to be destroyed by magic, or by the fire of Belus, or by poison, or by the falling of the huge stones surrounding the festive place, (he has made another inimitable discovery, that this place was Salisbury Plain,) we are not informed. As for Vortigern himself, he was privy to the vengeance of Hengist, whom he had acquainted with the prior conspiracy of his subjects. That he should thus bring destruction on the chiefs of his nation, the pillars of his throne, would appear surprising, had not our author, with equal felicity, discovered that they were all so many rebels; that they were resolved to dethrone Vortigern, because he opposed the re-establishment of the ancient Druidical faith! Hence, in warning the Saxon duke of the mischief intended, he was acting as a good and wise man,—as a Christian, anxious to uphold his faith,—as a patriot, willing to rid his country of its theocratic tyrants,—as the protector of unsuspecting innocence against a deep-laid scheme of guilt,—as a faithful prince towards his ally and father-in-law! But what was the plot devised by the unarmed British Druids for the destruction of the foreigners?

"Means would not be wanting to that ingenious and occultly organized body, to destroy an unsuspecting and intoxicated party. The details of this dark project lie probably beyond the reach of our conjecture. But it seems that the Saxon duke had obtained timely warning of the reception intended for him, and took care that his people should not come to the table entirely unarmed. When the proceedings of the banquet had gone so far, that he, looking with the eye of a man previously aware, could see mischief impending, he issued his commands, and his perfidious entertainers perished by the blows of the seaxons. He certainly did not commit this desperate act without a motive. Ambitious aggression could not have been his motive, for on those terms he would have speedily perished. Self-preservation was the only cause, that could render it possible, I do not say for him to do it, but for him to do it and return safe and sound into Kent; because that alone could bring the king and the British royalists, Gwrtheyrn's party in the state, to favour and protect him under such circumstances."

It might, indeed, be suspected that the author, in thus attempting to destroy one fable in order to make room for another a thousand times more monstrous, were merely playing the wag; that his object was to show with what facility long-received transactions might be overturned, and even made to signify the very reverse,—to prove, in short, how uncertain a guide is human authority, whether under the form of tradition or of writing. But our author is no wag; he is quite innocent of wit or humour; and if sometimes ingenious, he is always sober, and as far as men of unrivalled prejudice can be, sincere. On what grounds, the inquisitive reader will inquire, does he attempt so extraordinary an innovation, whether in history or tradition? Surely he must have foundation in one or the other for his theory, and a foundation, too, of equal antiquity with the relation he has ventured to assail. There is such a one,—let us examine it.

Among the most ancient poets of Britain, we may class Aneurin. It is difficult to fix the period of his life; but Mr. Turner, and several Welsh antiquarians, have proved that he was considered *very ancient* in the *twelfth* century; and from internal probability, we may infer that he lived in the *sixth*. He is chiefly known as the author of the *Gododin*, a poem so much venerated by the Welsh, as to have procured for him the envied title of King of the Bards. It consists of 920 lines, as published in the first volume of the *Archæology of Wales*. Its subject has always been held to be the battle or destruction of Cattraeth, when Mynyddawr, king

of Eiddyn,‡ at the head of the Britons, fought against the Saxons under Ida, founder of the kingdom of Bernicia. The reasons on which this opinion was based, were as good as could be expected from a composition so notoriously obscure; but yet many things were left in doubt. In the first place, the name of Ida is not mentioned; but the poem informs us that the Saxons were headed by Flamddwyn, which is merely an epithet signifying the *flame-bearer*, or *flame-destroyer*, implicative of the devastation which accompanied his progress. That this Flamddwyn was really intended to designate Ida, was inferred from the chronology and the region,—the time the sixth century, the region probably Bernicia; and no Saxon chief but Ida seemed applicable to the character. As Mynyddawr, of Eiddyn, one of the British princes contemporary with Aneurin, who commanded the Britons at the battle of Cattraeth, certainly reigned in the north—probably to the south of Edinburgh, the inference acquired some degree of confirmation. Add that Taliessin and Llywarch Hen, both contemporaries of Aneurin, mention the same Flamddwyn, as the enemy of Urien, king of Reged, under whose banners both poets had fought against the dreaded Saxons, and the confirmation is strengthened. Where Cattraeth was situated, is as difficult to ascertain as the district of Eiddyn; but that it must have been in the north, is deducible from the internal evidence of the poem, and from the fact that the Britons of Bernicia and of Deira were present in the battle.

O wyr Dewyr a Bryneich-dychrawr,
Ugeincant eu diant yn awr.

Of the men of Deira and Bernicia—the dreadful ones!—twenty hundred perished in an hour! These men were not likely to be engaged with any Saxon chief of the south: they had enough to do in defending their own petty states, to have time or means for helping their countrymen in other parts; and, indeed, had they possessed both, we may reasonably doubt whether they would have employed either in behalf of others. The British chieftains were generally at variance; and nothing was so difficult as to bring them to act with one another in defence of the common cause. It is therefore a fair inference, that the battle of Cattraeth was fought in the north. But though we have great probability, we have nothing approaching to proof that Flamddwyn was Ida, or that the battle was really fought in the sixth century. The poem, as before observed, is obscure; it has no chronology; "it contains no regular mention of incident; no introductory communication of its subject: it consists chiefly of stanzas, but little connected, on the feats and praises of the chieftain whom it commemorates; and as it records places and British heroes whose names, however notorious in their day, are not preserved elsewhere,* it little becomes any one to be confident in drawing such deductions." Probability is all that can be obtained. The events of the *Gododin* may possibly have happened at a subsequent period,—during the wars, for instance, of the Welsh princes with the Christian savages of Northumbria, during the seventh or the eighth century. Whatever be the time and place, the disastrous result to the Britons is sufficiently certain, since it has been admitted by all the writers of the nation from that period to the present day. Out of three hundred and sixty chiefs who were adorned with the golden torques—the ensign of nobility—three only escaped; and of these, one was Aneurin, author of the poem.

Notwithstanding the difficulties with which the subject was beset, the ablest antiquaries of the nation were satisfied that Cattraeth was

* History of the Anglo-Saxons, vol. 1, p. 264, note.

† Historia Eccles. Gent. Anglor. lib. 1, cap. 17. Such gross blunders, even in the most diligent writers, should deter us from receiving any statement on trust.

‡ See the former paper.

* Turner, Anglo-Sax. i. 308.

somewhere in the north, and that the battle was between the Britons and Ida, until the Rev. Edward Davies ('Mythology and Rites of the British Druids,') undertook a different interpretation of this obscure poem. He contended that the subject was no other than the massacre of the British nobles by Hengist. In one circumstance there was certainly a coincidence, viz., on both occasions the British chiefs were intoxicated with mead. There has been said to be a *second*, viz., that 360 were the precise number of victims on each occasion. But this is arbitrary; for Nennius states them to have been 300 only, and that none escaped except Vortigern; while the Brut of Tysilio raises the number to 462.—(We do not stop to inquire what may be the number assumed by subsequent bards, since we confine our observations to the most ancient writers who have alluded to the event.)—It is therefore manifest that the numbers are not identical. Some other objections may be made to this wild theory of Mr. Davies, and, after him, of our author. The most convincing is, that Aneurin nowhere speaks of treachery, or so much as alludes to it; yet, had it really existed, would one so anxious for the honour of his native chiefs, and so great a hater of the Saxons, have failed to mention it,—nay, to describe it in the blackest colours that poetry could furnish? Again, there was a strife—a deadly strife—and the prowess of the British heroes is extolled to the skies. Of one it is said, "When he heard the shout he gave no quarter. He pressed on; nor did he retire from the battle when the blood flowed round. Like rushes he cut down the men."

But how could this be? how could the Britons fight so heroically, and cut down so many of the men, if they were, as at Hengist's feast, unarmed? At Cattraeth all were armed, and well armed too: "with blades shining, the warriors went to Cattraeth." In the third place, at a festive entertainment the chiefs only would be present; and 300, or, if the reader will, 360, may surely be reckoned as a tolerable number; but at Cattraeth, "Of the men of Deira and Bernicia—the dreadful ones!—twenty hundred perished in an hour!"

In the fourth place, the names of *all* the British chieftains of any note are mentioned in the Gododin—Ceawg, and Cynon, and Madawg, and Tulwich, and Mynyddawg, and Cywlich, and Caradawc, and Owen, and Eidiol, and Pereddur, and Aeddap; but we have not the most distant allusion to the most important personages, Vortigern and Hengist. Fifthly, the battle took place the day *after* the bacchanalian carousal, (before, however, the Britons had time to recover from its effects); while the destruction at Vortigern's feast *immediately* followed the signal of Hengist the Saxon chief. Sixthly, the chronology of the two events, as far as it can be ascertained, differs a full century. Other objections might be adduced, not the least weighty of which would be the uniform testimony of the Welsh poets, from the days of Aneurin to the fourteenth century, who, in alluding to the battle of Cattraeth, describe it as a terrible conflict between the armed combatants of the two hostile people. But no more, we are convinced, is required from us to expose the strange hypothesis of Mr. Davies.

After the observations of Mr. Turner on this subject, we should scarcely have expected to find the same hypothesis received by another writer, and with additional circumstances, wilder, if possible, than the outrageous fancy itself. We have already seen how the author of the volume before us has improved on Mr. Davies, by insinuating that the Britons were the first conspirators; that they were resolved to remove Vortigern together with the Christian religion, and to restore the idolatrous faith; that he and his

allies, the Saxons, should perish together; that Vortigern, by giving Hengist warning of the plot, saved the Saxons, and was the cause of the ensuing destruction of the British chiefs. In addition, we are told that for his *blabbing* on this occasion, Vortigern was cursed by succeeding generations. He has, indeed, been styled Vortigern of the *untoward mouth*; but the meaning of this epithet must ever remain a mystery. The minutest expressions, however, may be changed into coincidences by one who, like our author, possesses great ingenuity, and is determined to make all things unite in the support of a favourite system. Owing to the antiquity of the relics still extant, and to the remarkable obscurity in which they appear to us, the literature of Wales may authorize almost *any* system. You have only to do, as Mr. Davies has done, to make your translation more obscure, if possible, than the original, and, by the additional help of an imaginative commentary, you may arrive at whatever conclusion you please. So many are the pieces partially or entirely incomprehensible to us,—so many, doubtless, pervaded by the lingering spirit of heathen superstition, that nothing is so easy as to find materials for any vagary of the brain. For our own parts, we have long suspected that after making the largest allowance for the obscurity of antiquity, and for that occasioned by expiring superstitions, the nature of which was never understood, some of the ancient British poems were composed by men actually mad; that Merddin (Merlin), who ran wild in the woods, had companions enough; and that they often composed when the fit was on them, just as the Scandinavian berserks used to fight under the influence of the same distemper. In dismissing this part of the subject, sure we are that from its monstrous improbabilities, our author will not convert a single reader to his opinions.

In his third chapter he proceeds to show that Aurelius Ambrosius, Uthyr Pendragon, and Arthur, were mythological beings, whom he facetiously terms the Hobgoblin Dynasty. Let us see how he proves this.

I. Aurelius Ambrosius—the former signifying *Gold of the Sun*, the latter *Elixir of Life*—are both titles of the sun; ergo, *he was the sun!* A less zealous theorist might have some difficulty in disproving the assertion of Gildas, (whose father must have been contemporary with the man) not only that he lived, but that he was, probably, of Roman extraction, and that he was victorious over the Saxons, as indeed, from his excellent personal qualities (*modestus, fidelis, fortis, veraxque*) he deserved to be. Fable, indeed, has been as busy with him as with other men of the period; and he sometimes appears to have been confounded with Merlin by the succeeding bards of Britain. Rejecting, as we are bound to do, all that is to be found both in them and in Nennius respecting him, we can only receive what little Gildas has recorded: Bede (lib. i. cap. 16.) mentions him, but the very words are copied from Gildas. We may, however, infer, that he was the chief general of the natives in their combined efforts against the invaders. Our author, however, with the aid of Nennius, the bards, and the Welsh chroniclers, who have so beautifully confounded him with the great wizard, can easily elevate him into a Pagan deity:—

"In truth, the Aurelian Ambrosian era is not that of any real monarch elected by the minor kings to rule over Britannia, but it is the reign of the Sun himself, during which the country was entirely governed upon a model of theocracy by the college of Neo-Druids. Tuus jam regnat Apollo. The Bards, and the Triadists, whose learning is of Bardic and not Brudic origin, recognise Ambrosius as the chief of Bards, enchanters, and prophets, but very rarely

as a king, in which latter capacity the dissembling authors of the Tysilonic and Nennian Bruts represent him. Yet were they not two personages, both adorned with the same title, but one Being differently described."

Nay, to show that he was indeed a deity, the Saxon Hengist, founder of the kingdom of Kent, who, for anything we know to the contrary, died peacefully in his bed, is taken prisoner, *near Doncaster!* and sacrificed to Ambrosius, or, as it is Celtified, Emmrys! For this precious story our author has his usual authority—viz. the least ancient and most fabulous one he can discover. If Gildas and Bede, the Saxon chronicles, and even Nennius, do not afford us the slightest hint on the subject, never mind, is there not Geoffrey of Monmouth? Having been kept a prisoner some days, a council was held concerning his fate, and a *bishop* present—meaning, of course, in our author's system, a *chief Druid*, though he quoted Scripture to the effect that he would hew the prisoner to pieces, just as Samuel hewed Agag before the Lord in Gilgal!—took him to the summit of a hill, and smote off his head. We have no disposition to pursue the vagary further, except to notice the manner in which our author *translates* when it suits his purpose. It is well known that Hengist arrived off the coast of Kent with *three* vessels only, which could not contain many men; probably not above one hundred each. The expression of Gildas is—*Tum erumpens græ catulorum de cubili leonæ barbariæ, tribus (ut linguæ ejus exprimitur) cyulis, (nostrâ linguâ, longis navibus) secundis velis, &c.* Every school-boy would translate *tribus cyulis* by *three* long vessels; but our linguist contends that the translation is incorrect; that the meaning is—"Then the herd of lion's whelps, a *tribe* from the den of the barbarian lioness, broke forth in their cyuls or long vessels." He may change the punctuation as he pleases, and, by so doing, give an arbitrary and forced meaning to the words, such as Bede and all succeeding writers have never contemplated, but, in fact, as would be absolutely inconsistent with the recommendation of Hengist himself, that more of his countrymen should be invited over to aid him; but his construction, *gens de cubili, &c.* will not do,—for this plain reason, it is not Latin.

II. Of Uthyr Pendragon we know little, except that he was the reputed father of the renowned Arthur. The epithet, *pen*, a head, *dragon*, serpent, has been always supposed by the best antiquarians to designate the banner which led his followers to battle. He is not mentioned by the Saxon chronicle, by Gildas, or by Bede; but we have not one in a hundred of the British chiefs who resisted the invaders—in fact, the silence of *Bede* is no argument, for he gives us no account whatever of the progress of the Saxon arms, but jumps almost at once from their arrival to the mission of St. Augustine, over a century and a half. His chapters on St. Germanus are misplaced, they are not in chronological order; for the mission of the prelate, as we have before shown, was *before* the arrival of the Saxons. Gildas wrote, not a history, but a vehement tissue of reproaches against his countrymen. The authors of the Saxon chronicle were notoriously ignorant of British history; so, indeed, according to Bede, were the Britons themselves, since few vestiges remained of it (lib. i. cap. 22). The bards and the Brut of Tysilio, are the only authorities we have concerning Uthyr, whose fame has been eclipsed by that of his son. In obscurity we find him, and in the same obscurity we are compelled to leave him. With our author, however, the mention of the Dragon's Head conjures up the whole of his mythologic lore.

"It appears to me, that these mysteries depict

the Heavens, or Pantheistic Jove, as a serpent, of which the sun is the golden head. Uthyr together with Merddin, deceiving Eigr at Tintagel, are the Jove and Mercury of Alcmena in all the material points of the narrative. And the son of Alcmena is the lascivious Dragon in the Babylonish temple of Jupiter Belus, and the Dragon of Olympus, and of Scipio's mother, and of the mother of Cæsar Octavius. A few passages of classical mythology were borrowed and transferred to their own with scarce any alteration by the Britons of the 5th and 6th centuries; and the tale of Jove and Mercury at Amphitryon's house is one of them. As the Mundane Serpent contained the essence of all things that be, so did his own head contain his own entire essence. That doctrine was expressed by the Hermetics of Ægypt, in their parable, that the great serpent Aspidogorgon devoured all the other serpents in the temples of Ægypt, and then devoured his own body till nothing was left but the head. As early as Homer, the Gorgon Head of the *Terrible Portent* (which words express the sense of *Uthyr*) was the last and most appalling of the mysteries which are concealed in Hell itself. And the Middle Ages had a disgusting legend of the procreation of the Gorgon Head without body, from a warrior and a dead woman. The Gorlassar or Pen-Dragon and the Arthur of the British Bards tally with the Oromazdes and the Mithras of the eastern Magi."

All this is sheer raving.

III. Of Arthur, the third potentate of this Hobgoblin Dynasty, we have more romance than of any other character, saving Odin and Charlemagne, in European fiction. The monstrosity of the fables concerning him has caused many writers to express a doubt of his existence. Such doubt was entertained, not only by Milton, but even by obscure chroniclers, such as Genebrand and Sizebert:—yet, to deny his existence, is, to say the least of it, exceedingly rash. Let us briefly advert to the testimonies in its favour:—1. Llywarch Hen, who lived during a part of the fifth and sixth centuries, mentions one battle (on the Llawen) in which his favourite son, Gwen, fought under the banners of Arthur; and that the issue was not fortunate for the British arms, may be inferred from the expression that Arthur did not retreat. Again, in the battle of Llongborth:—

"Yn Llongborth llas i Arthur
Gwyr dewr cymmynt a dur
Amherawdyr llywiadyr llawur."

At Llongborth were slain to Arthur,
Valiant men who heaved with steel:

He was the chief commander and director of the toil.

We consider this testimony decisive as to the existence of that warrior. 2. The lives of some Welsh saints, as those of Cadoc and Paternus, relate several of his early deeds, which do little credit to his memory, and which seem to justify the saying of Nennius, that he was cruel from his childhood. These deeds, too, are accompanied by circumstances so natural, that they carry along with them the impress of truth. 3. Caradoc of Llancarvan alludes to some of his actions, without the monstrous adjuncts to be found in later or more credulous writers. 4. And so, in general, does Nennius, who enumerates twelve of his great battles. It is certain, however, that they could not all be against the Saxons, for in his reign, as in that of other princes, we read of civil wars. Nor are we to believe that he was uniformly the victor; for, in one instance as we have seen, Llywarch Hen can award him no other praise than that he stood his ground. In Nennius, too, the mention of Arthur's pilgrimage to Jerusalem may be an interpolation of a subsequent transcriber—yet we would not too strongly insist on this. Arthur was a Christian, and not superior to the prejudices of his times; and when we read of so many Anglo-Saxons, who visited the holy places—at least those of Rome—why should we disbelieve that the same fanatical feeling led him to the east? If he went at all, perhaps he only

went to Rome like the rest; and this journey may account for a portion, at least, of his European fame. However this be, the authorities we have mentioned are, in our judgment, sufficient to prove his existence and some of his actions. 5. From them it is evident that he was surrounded by no magical illusions; that he was not the king of all Britain, but chief of a small state; and that the dignity which he possessed as generalissimo of the British forces, was one conferred by the suffrages of the native princes. With the exception of one or two expressions in Nennius, which we suspect to be interpolations, there is little of the marvellous on record concerning him. That this historian regarded him through the magnifying haze of antiquity—for three centuries and a half intervened between them—is certain; yet, when we read how very much probability is outraged in other parts of the *'Historia Britonum,'* we think this relation exceedingly sober. It is, indeed, very remarkable, that throughout these early writers, though the valour of the hero is apparent enough, he is nowhere represented (with the two exceptions to which we have alluded) as having performed wonderful deeds. Well does Mr. Turner observe, that he is spoken of "with respect, but not with wonder." "Llywarch the Aged, who lived through the whole period of slaughter, and had been one of the guests and counsellors of Arthur, never displays him in transcendent majesty." "In the same manner he appears in the *Afallenau* of Myrddin; and in Taliessin he is mentioned as a character well-known and revered, but not idolized; yet he was then dead, and all the actions of his patriotism and valour had been performed. Not a single epithet is added from which we can discover him to have been that whirlwind of war which swept away in its course all the skill and armies of Europe." 6. His end is said to have been inglorious; that he perished in a civil war with Modred, his nephew, who had seduced his wife, and, as we may with much reason infer, aspired to the dignity which he held—viz. Pen-dragon, or general in chief of the Britons: and we may also infer, that he had committed some imprudent acts, or the nephew would never have been so well supported against him, for allies Modred evidently had. 7. Though Arthur's valour was so considerable, and his fame so great, he did no more than repulse the Saxons: he did not pursue Cerdic, his chief competitor, from kingdom to kingdom; and it required all his courage and all his talents to keep the field. In fact, the balance of success was decidedly in favour of the Saxon, who gradually extended his conquests, and consolidated the kingdom which he founded. It is expressly affirmed by two of our ancient chroniclers, (what authority they followed, would be a useless inquiry, but it is one now lost,) that, tired out by this indecisive warfare, Arthur, twenty-six years after the arrival of Cerdic, ceded to that chief two English countries, on the condition of homage and fealty.

Such is all that we know, or can with probability infer, of this celebrated man; with the fables subsequently invented respecting him, we have nothing to do. Though we see nothing at all improbable in the account given us by Giraldus Cambrensis, of the discovery of his grave in 1189, we are not inclined to lay too much stress on it; simply because there might be some imposition in the case. Henry II. was anxious to destroy the fallacious hope of the Welsh—that their hero slumbered in some enchanted place, and would one day return to rid Britain of its foreign possessors. We do not think the fraud *probable*; but it was *possible*; and, for this reason, coupled with the interest of the Plantagenets, to show both the inha-

bitants of Brittany and those of Wales that Arthur was really dead, we omit this additional proof of his existence. We must, however, observe, that this proof has appeared satisfactory to some of our most able, most learned, and most sceptical critics.

From the preceding observations, we are confident that no reasonable doubt can be entertained of the existence and acts of this famous hero. That monstrous fables were invented concerning him—rendered more monstrous by the obscurity of the descriptions in the British writers—cannot affect this fact. Few readers, therefore, will be inclined to believe with the author under review, that he was purely a mythological being, and worshipped as the third and greatest of the Hobgoblin dynasty. It is curious to see how deeply this mythological mania has pervaded the other. In one place Arthur is an incarnation of Polytheism (p. 83); in another he is the Sun (87); in another, Apollo (90); in another the Ursa Major, or Great Bear (92); in another his Round Table is a figure of the Universe, and his twelve knights the twelve signs of the Zodiac (93); in another (112) he is Hercules, the son of Juno; and in another (119) he is Attila, king of the Huns! Very possibly some of the actions performed by that "Scourge of God" may have been corrupted by tradition, and ascribed to Arthur; and so indeed have many performed by Charles Martel, Charlemagne, and some Mohammedan conquerors. But it will require a strong faith to believe that the British Druids during Vortigern's reign, "sought the alliance of the great barbarian," or that they "secretly acknowledged the mysteries of his demon-sword, and beheld in him a re-incarnation of the Hen-Velen, or Belenus the ancient, of Mithras the robber and huntsman, the spirit of the Sun!" In short, with some ingenuity, it would be easy enough to turn Arthur into *any* character of antiquity. Our author inclines to the opinion that this being might possibly be Nimrod; but he does not, like Mr. Davies, believe him to have been Noah.

We must close this wild nonsense, with the volume that contains it. To that volume we have paid more than ordinary attention, because the subject is one of great difficulty, yet, at the same time, of great interest in the estimation of all who wish to become acquainted with the early condition of this island. If the truth has been perverted by fable, and has suffered so much from unbounded credulity, it is likely to suffer no less from that scepticism which would deny the existence of the greatest character in British history. It would suffer still more from the mythologic systematizing in this wild volume which we have endeavoured to expose, were such raving likely to make proselytes. But we are of opinion that it will do good; that it will provoke a more extended, sober, and critical investigation into early British history, than we have yet seen. In this view, we are by no means displeased with the appearance of this book. With all his absurdities, the author is a man of much reading and of more reflection. He is evidently not a young man; and though he is no practised writer, his observations must produce reflection in others. We cheerfully award him the praise of diligence, and an honourable zeal for Christianity. This is but the first portion of the subject embraced by him; but if encouragement be given, he will proceed with the rest. Of encouragement, however, in a path so little known to readers in general, he cannot reasonably expect much; in fact, as he has printed 250 copies only, he evidently does not expect much. All that he probably desires, and we hope it will be attained, is the sale of his very limited impression. We should be sorry here to bid him adieu. As ad-

vocates for the progress of universal knowledge, we cannot, with indifference, behold the neglect in which ancient British literature and history, connected as both are with those of our Saxon ancestors, has so long remained. Most heartily do we wish that all the extinct relics of that literature were edited and translated for the benefit of the world. But alas! we cannot expect this when so much of our own literature, during the Saxon and the Middle Age period, is suffered to perish by moths, worms, and dust.

Travelling Opinions and Sketches in Russia and Poland. By Rayford Ramble, Esq. Macrone. St. Petersburg, Constantinople, and Napoli di Romania, in 1833 and 1834. By M. von Tietz, Prussian Counsellor of Legation. 2 vols. Richter & Co.

Rayford Ramble, Esq. informs the reader, that he travelled in 1819, although he first communicates to the public his 'Opinions and Sketches' in the present year of grace. There is, therefore, between his exploits as a traveller and as an author, an interval of seventeen years:—would it had been prolonged until the addition of a cipher or two were required to describe it! His book is utterly worthless.

The work of M. Von Tietz is somewhat different in character: he adds but little, indeed, to our stock of information, so far as Russia is concerned, being far too full of admiration to give a reason for the faith that is in him—for example: "to argue," he says, "or attempt to convince" people that the Emperor is not the most amiable of men, "would be but useless trouble; for gods themselves struggle in vain with insanity"—and that, we presume, is to settle all differences about Poland. In his account of St. Petersburg, too, there is as little discrimination as in his eulogies on the Emperor:—indeed, the very commonalty, the oily unwashed boors, must have given him love powder. However, as he lingers over the amiable peculiarities and traits of character in the latter, there are a few anecdotes worth extracting. Here is "a picture in little."

One day, when the worthy Counsellor was seated beside a sledge-driver, he became nervous at the manifest carelessness of the latter, and repeatedly said so; but to all his anxious entreaties "*Neboss*" (no matter, don't fear) was the only reply. At length, sledge-driver and Counsellor lay prostrate in the snow: "*Neboss*," said the former, and whipping the Counsellor, who was in a great degree helpless, his feet and legs being entangled in the furs, back into the sledge, they were, in a few moments, hurrying on as if nothing had happened. On another occasion, the police were stationed on the banks of the Neva to prevent persons from crossing the ice, which was considered dangerous. A common Russian however, assured, we suppose, that if he once got on the ice he was beyond pursuit, made a bold dash for it, and succeeded; but, on arriving at the opposite side, he found the police there too, and prepared to welcome him with the knout: "*Neboss*," said he, laughing, and recrossed the crackling surface. Again, we are told, that when raising the Column of Alexander, one of the rollers caught the hand of a labourer, and threatened to draw under his whole body: "*Neboss*," cried a carpenter standing by, and with his axe he struck off the arm at a blow.

Many hundreds of sledge-drivers it appears come into St. Petersburg for the winter, from a distance of forty and fifty miles, and return in spring.

"Let only an unemployed *Wanka* be observed in the evening, who, in sharing a piece of bread with his beast, consolatorily addresses him, 'Thou must content thyself with a little, my nag! I have myself not much, but willingly share it with you. My earnings are not great; but winter is still long, and

in spring we shall have mustered together a few roubles, and will return to dear home. Thou shalt then rest thyself, and live upon dainties,—for thou shalt have as much white oats and green clover as thou wilt. Do not then despair. See yonder comes a gentleman, and he will certainly hire us!' and he now suddenly turns to the stranger, offers him his sledge, and is satisfied with his small earnings.

"During my winter journey, I have often amused myself with such a conversation between a driver and his horses. We might then hear, 'Fie, fie, old brown one, you ought to be ashamed to be so idle! Look at the gelding, he is smaller than you, and yet runs better. You will soon make me cross, and I shall then be forced to beat you. Blows hurt you, hark! (He then strikes the sledge with the whip, and continues). So, so, old brown one! that's all right. Now you run well. When we arrive you shall have a good feed! Run! run! I'll sing you an amusing song!' He now commences singing; and it seems actually as if the animals understood him."

These amiable people, the Counsellor admits, are great cheats, and can drink a little upon occasions. Indeed, he mentions that he had a servant who expressly stipulated for leave to get drunk on Sundays. "On Sunday," he said, "I must go to the Kabark and drink, or I shall die."

An account of "day at midnight," and a visit to the humble dwelling of Peter the Great, is all the extracts we can afford the reader from this part of the work.

"It was at the end of June, in 1833, that I was returning from a visit to a friend who held an appointment in the Foreign Office, and was punctually on duty there. When I entered the place it struck the midnight hour; the last glow of the sun, already set, glimmered upon the horizon, and close to it the aurora of morning appeared to dawn. It is the enchanting peculiarity of a northern summer, that for two weeks it is never enveloped in the mantle of night, but merely in the gentle veil of dawn. The day produces a heat scarcely to be expected in so high a latitude, which has an exhausting effect upon all that is animated, and night arouses the Imperial city to fresh life. The quays on the transparent Neva, the green-leaved islands of the majestic river, (resembling Arimida's enchanted grove), the summer garden, the Newski Perspective, and all the other walks, are animated, and it is only break of day which disperses the promenaders. During that midnight hour also, so gentle a light prevailed, that I could read, without straining my eyes, a letter that I had just received in the Foreign Office through a courier that had returned from Germany. Whilst thus engaged, a very intimate friend of mine, the Baron de Stakelberg, an officer of the guards, drove up to me in his Droschke. He, who with unwearied kindness had been my cicerone in the proud Petropolis, now invited me to a nocturnal promenade. We flew past the Winter Palace, along the Russian Quay, strewn with palaces, over the long Troizkoi bridge, and leaving on our left hand the granite fortress washed by the waves, turned to the right, and stopped in front of a strong building resembling a piazza. Under this is a small wooden red-painted house, where we stepped in. We passed from its diminutive portico into a chamber on the left, of about fifteen feet square, and so low that we could touch its ceiling. In a corner stood the 'Holy Screen,' to be found in every Russian house; it was covered with jewels, gold embroidery, and both natural and artificial flowers. The constant-burning lamp in front of it, spread an indistinct light; and an old invalid stepped forward to us out of the obscurity. 'This was his dwelling-room, and where he took his meals,' said the old man, covered with scars and orders, leading us then into a small adjoining apartment with but one window. 'And here he rested upon his simple pallet from his cares and fatigues!' We returned across the passage past a small hearth, and entered another room, about as large as the first we saw. 'Here,' continued the guide, 'he worked, and received the Ambassadors of Foreign Powers!'—It was from this small building that one of the greatest of men, by means of his powerful mind, civilized a whole nation: it was hence that he made war or peace, and hence, out of

a waste morass, the little simple monosyllable 'Be' created the proud St. Petersburg, the colossal metropolis of the northern gigantic empire.

"This small unpretending hut, the twenty-feet long garden of which is washed by the Neva, was once the palace of Peter the Great. A feeling of admiration spread over us at the recollection of that sublime ruler. We stepped into the garden whence he may frequently have surveyed his new creation. The morning breeze blew coolly over the crisp waves of the Neva.—In the east, arose the sun, spreading far and near his brilliant beams."

A sudden and important mission now hurried Von Tietz to the East, through Wallachia and Moldavia. "The Wallachian is idle," says our author, "because he knows he could not enjoy the fruits of his industry, since they would be extorted from him under the name of tithes by the Greeks—the tenants of the Boyards—who are the real masters and rulers of the pitiable peasantry."

"A Wallachian village is the *ne plus ultra* of disgusting dirtiness and wretchedness, consisting of holes dug in the earth, over which a propped-up roof is thrown—covered rarely with straw, generally with turf. I never ventured into a peasant's dwelling. At the several stages I stopped at, I sometimes got out of the vehicle to enter the posting-house, (generally the best house of the village), the interior of which I therefore know from personal inspection. Through a rough kind of door, I crept stooping down an excavation of some feet into the ground, the floor of which was neither paved nor boarded, but merely hardened by stamping. Above were the rafters of the dwelling, in which an aperture covered with a pig's bladder represented the window. An angle of the space below served for the hearth, around which several postillions squatted in the manner of the Turks, smoking tobacco and warming themselves by the fire. The smoke endeavoured to find vent at the sieve-like roof. There was no furniture visible. Along the wall ran a low broad wooden stool, covered with a rush mat, which composed the trinity of bed, table, and seat: the postmaster, (as dirty a fellow as his men), in Turkish costume, placed himself with crossed legs hereupon, drew writing apparatus from his girdle, with a pen cut from a reed, and scratched his necessary remarks in the dirty posting-book. To get provisions in such a village is not only difficult, but almost impossible."

We hasten over the intervening part of his journey, lingering neither with the Pasha of Rustschuk, who would not believe that persons so sensible as our Counsellor and his companion travelled without ladies; nor with the young and beautiful wife of the Gipsy blacksmith, to whom he made love while her husband repaired the wheel of his carriage, welding one of his hammers with some old nails for want of other iron, until we come to a cottage scene:—

"A Bulgarian peasant's cottage is usually occupied by a whole family, the head of which, generally a greybearded venerable man, guides his collective descendants with the gentleness of a patriarch. We felt quite comfortable, sitting around the brightly blazing fire, in familiar conversation with our host; the men smoking their pipes, and the women and maidens spinning cotton and wool, from which they manufacture excellent stuffs. Their language, which resembles the Russian, gave us an opportunity of entering into conversation with them, whence we learnt that they are mildly treated by their masters, the Turks, as they are the only industrious agriculturists in Turkey, and, therefore, a useful people. They are very fond of singing and dancing: all their popular songs have plaintive airs; and their dances move in slow and frequently elegant figures. As a specimen of a Bulgarian national song, we borrow the following from another traveller:—

No sheep, no meadows,
No oxen, no fields,
No vines, no gardens,
No cottages, poor maiden,
Canst thou claim as thine!
No meadows, no fields,
Neither cottages have I,
Accept me as thy lover:
Thy kisses are my grapes:
Ah, give me but thy heart!

Oh, Bulgarka! a spinning wheel
And see wool will I give thee,
To weave thy bridal dress,
And the coverlid of the couch
Whereon my wife will rest!

"The Bulgarian men are powerful, tall, and strongly built. The women are mostly beautiful: the form of their face resembles that of the insular Greeks, while their figures remind us of the luxuriant conformation of the Turkish maidens. In addition to these native charms, we may add their tasteful and fantastic costume, which displays more than it conceals."

The remaining part of the work, including the whole of the second volume, relates to ground more trodden—Constantinople and Greece; we must of necessity, therefore, be sparing of extract. There is humour in his account of the *soirée* at the house of the Prussian ambassador, at Napoli; but it is surpassed by the description of shaving at Constantinople:—

"Shaving is a sort of half bath. As a sign of a barber's shop, a long handkerchief waves in front of the apartment. It is supplied on two sides with broad wooden seats. The third is occupied by the hearth for heating water; the fourth consists wholly of windows and glass doors, in order to have plenty of light. The customer seats himself upon one of the benches, while the barber squats down with crossed legs before him, and then commences with considerable energy the removal of the beard. But the flexibility of the patient's neck is put to the test—since the operator, to avoid moving from his convenient position, turns and twists the head of the shaved in all directions upon his knees. The beard having disappeared, the act is nevertheless not terminated, for the second scene now commences. One is enveloped before and behind in napkins; a large water basin is placed in the hands, into an aperture in the side whereof the neck fits, and the head is bent into the basin, representing the picture of Herodias and the decapitated John the Baptist. Waves of soap and water boisterously roar in this vessel, and with a kind of professional enthusiasm the barber commences, not to wash, but fairly to knead, the seat of knowledge. The ears and nose are most unmercifully treated. One ventures not in this extremity to open the mouth and call for help, lest one should be suffocated in soapuds; the inflection is therefore borne resignedly until near swooning. Now, over the head of the patient, a lesser vessel is suspended by a chain from the ceiling, full of warm water, which from an aperture beneath, streams down upon the cranium, washing off the soap. Warm towels complete the process of drying; a comb arranges the entangled hair; and with a 'God be praised!' one disengages oneself from the hands of the barber, who holds a glass in front to enable one to see whether, in spite of his manipulation, the head yet sits in its right place."

We shall conclude with a sketch of King Otho, of Greece:—

"One day I perceived an unusual stir and motion about the dismal-looking portal, beyond which the sound of horses' hoofs was heard. After a while a small troop of horsemen appeared, headed by Otho, King of Greece; next to him rode two young Grecian ordnance officers, Carbuni and Bozzaris, clad, alas! in European uniform; and at a short distance behind them, followed four or five escorting hussars. Smiling, and saluting his people on both sides, the King proceeded through the lines of promenaders."

"Otho is a fine young man, with a cheerful and healthy countenance, whereon may, however, be traced a shade of sadness. Torn from his native country, and from an affectionate mother, to be transferred to a land, which first by long slavery, and subsequently through protracted struggles for independence, is deeply sunken and demoralised; with the task before him of raising his people so far as to place them on a level with civilized states; witnessing every where around want and misery, which he must seek to alleviate; and surrounded by men to whose counsel he is bound to pay attention—while at the same time he perceives that following the said counsel can only widen a chasm between the throne and the people—Otho cannot but have a difficult and serious game to play. But we hope and believe that the period when he is able to cast

off all mischievous controul, and emancipate himself and subjects from the overweening influence of Bavarian employés, will prove how far two eventful years have gone towards enriching him with the wisdom commonly gained in ten. He will, we doubt not, then remember that he is King of Greece, and that as such it is his duty to permit the sons of Hellas to enjoy the fruits of their land, the fields of which they have bathed with their hearts' blood. He will bethink him that his adopted country is not meant to enrich foreign cormorants, who perhaps came here with an idea that Greece was a sort of Bavarian Algiers!"

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'Williams's Essay on Egyptian Hieroglyphics.'—Mr. Williams labours to prove that the Semitic languages, especially the Hebrew, are more likely to afford a clue to the interpretation of the Hieroglyphics than the Coptic; he regards the symbols themselves as syllabical rather than alphabetical, a theory we think far more plausible than that of Champollion. But the application of his system is not quite satisfactory,—at least, we should require a far more copious induction of facts before pronouncing an opinion. Mr. Williams promises to publish all his evidence in a larger work, and we must wait for its appearance; but in the meantime we congratulate him on the learning, skill, and caution, displayed in his present brochure.

'A Hand-Book for Travellers on the Continent, with an Index Map.'—This is a guide through Holland, Belgium, Prussia, Northern Germany, Saxony, the Rhine from Holland to Switzerland. It appears to have been compiled with great care; and so far as personal experience enables us to speak on the subject, the information it contains is full and satisfactory;—indeed, we consider the work second only to Mrs. Starke's 'Italy,' one of the best of its class ever published. We may as well add, that a ninth edition of the latter work has just been issued.

'Traits and Trials of Early Life,' by L. E. L.'—After all, we must be classed among the simple and confiding. It is not long since we took leave to rebuke Mr. Colburn for his puffs preliminary, and then proceeded to announce, among forthcoming works of promise, "a new work by Mr. Bulwer—a new work by the author of 'Tremaine'—a new work by the author of 'Vivian Grey'—a new work by Miss Landon;" which new work is now before us, and turns out to be a reprint of Verses and Tales selected from that lady's contributions to the children's Annuals,—a fact not even alluded to in the preface. That every line has appeared before, we will not assert; but of the eleven papers contained in the volume, we have found two, 'Mabel Dacre's First Lesson,' and 'The Dead Robin,' in 'The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not for 1832,' the only one of the series to which, at the moment, we can refer. The book, of its kind, is a good book, but, as many thousand copies were sold of the Annuals, the fact that it was a reprint from them ought to have been stated in the advertisements.

'A Companion to the Medicine Chest, &c. by John Savory.'—Books of this description usually "consist merely of a simple catalogue of drugs, with vague directions for their administration in specified disorders. The object of this work is to remedy this inconvenience, and to enable unprofessional persons to obtain, at one glance, information regarding the effects and uses of the substances employed in medicine, and the mode of combining them, for administration, in the various diseases in which they have by long experience been found useful; as well as to distinguish such diseases as are dangerous in their nature, and rapid in their progress, in order that proper assistance may be had, without allowing that delay to take place, which is so frequently the cause of so many fatal results" (Preface). Such are the pretensions of this little volume; and upon this showing, it may readily be inferred, that the better it is executed, the more dangerous it must prove. Where medical attendance is to be had, this instruction is not required; where it is not, the patient is safer in the hands of nature, than in those of persons rendered confident to administer active drugs, upon the strength of such knowledge as the very best Companion to the Medicine Chest can afford. Medicine chests, stored with such drugs as may be wanted on

an emergency, are useful in remote country houses, to be in readiness for the service of the professional practitioner; when otherwise used, they are among death's favourite arrows; and printed 'Companions' are the feathers that add wings to the shaft.

'A Practical Treatise on the Diseases of the Teeth,' &c. by W. Robertson.—This is another of those volumes which custom seems to require from every dentist, who aspires to a respectable list of patients. The dentist's case is precisely that in which *scire tuum nihil est*; and the putting your lighted candle under a bushel, is as bad as extinguishing it. Although addressed to the unlearned, the treatise contains a good deal of peculiar opinion, as well theoretical as practical. The author is at issue with his predecessors on the sent and causes of caries. He holds that caries commences on the outer surface of the tooth, and arises in a chemical action; maintaining at the same time that the tooth is not a living structure. In these opinions, there seems to us to be a mixture of truth and error; but this is not the place for entering upon such questions. It is more to the purpose of our readers to know, that there is the average proportion of instruction, as to habits and practices referential to the teeth, in the volume; and those who are disposed to

Read your manual, Sir, and brush your teeth, as Byron would have said, will obtain as good a pennyworth for their penny from Mr. Robertson's, as from any other work of the class. Our advice however is, always to buy the treatise of your own family dentist. It flatters his vanity, gives him a confidence in your recommendation; it makes him civil, and attentive, and more especially it prevents him from keeping you unnecessarily waiting in his ante-room.

List of New Books.—Jones's Sheridan's Dictionary, new edit. by Birkin, 3s. 6d. bd.—Thornton on Christian Responsibility, 18mo. 1s. cl.—Walker's Lectures on the Church Catechism, with Memoir by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, new edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.—An Apology for Millenarianism, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Bishop Bethell on Regeneration in Baptism, 2nd edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Planche's Guide to the Danube, from Ulm to Vienna, 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.—The Church and Dissent considered in their Practical Influence, by E. Osler, fc. 6s. bds.—Belcher and Dodgson's Illustrations of the Scenery of the Pickering Railway, 8vo. 10s. bds.; royal 8vo. 15s. bds.—Slingby's Diary, &c. by the Rev. D. Parsons, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Cutler's Popular Surgery, fc. 4s. bds.—Clark on the Nervous System, post 8vo. 9s. bds.—Carpenter's Biblical Companion, royal 8vo. 18s. bds.; 4to. 27s. bds.—Ascension, a Poem, by Richard Johns, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—The Lyrical Constellation, by the late Charles Doyne Sillery, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Bunyan's Discourse touching Prayer, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Hawker's Pocket Companion, 18mo. 6d. swd.—Map of London, in case, 3s. 6d.; book, 3s. 6d.; 4to. roman 7s.—Remarks on the Cheapest Distance for Railway Blocks, by Lieut. Lecount, 8vo. swd.—Comber's Friendly and Seasonable Advice to the Roman Catholics of England, by the Rev. W. F. Hook, new edit. 12mo. 3s. cl.—White's Natural History of Selborne, new edit. fc. 3s. 6d. cl.—Walton's Angler, new edit. fc. 3s. 6d. cl.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE arrangements for the (Sixth) Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, are now so far completed, as to give hopes of all reasonable success in the experiment, now for the first time attempted, of assembling the collected science of Britain in a provincial city. Among other reasons which influenced the decision of the Dublin Meeting in selecting Bristol as the place of concourse for 1836, we cannot doubt that the spirited and successful career of the Philosophical Institution was prominent. This was a guarantee that the members of the Association would be welcomed as men devoted to science would most desire to be; and the natural advantages of the vicinity of Bristol, its convenient geographical relations to the mining districts of Cornwall and South Wales, and the circumstance that no opportunity had previously been offered to the south-west of England to benefit by the immediate proximity of the Association, rendered it highly probable that the meeting would be well attended. Already it is certain that these anticipations will be realized: the officers of the Association, and the Local Committee, have been actively engaged in the work of preparation, and there is not a doubt that every department of natural science will be well represented at the Bristol Meeting. What proportion of the numerous body of lovers of knowledge now enrolled in this vast Association may

be present, it would be idle to conjecture, but we know that many eminent names in British Science have been already registered among them, and many eminent foreigners are expected. To supply the want of collegiate establishments, by providing suitable rooms for General, Sectional, and Committee Meetings—to provide for the location of strangers in comfortable or convenient lodgings—to regulate the admission of new members—establish good but not expensive ordinaries—has been a prominent part of the duty of the Local Committee; and it is gratifying to know, that their solicitude on these points has been well responded to, both by public feeling and private liberality.

On arriving in Bristol, MEMBERS will be enabled to obtain their tickets during any day of the week previous to the Meeting by application at the Council House, in Corn Street; and we take the liberty of recommending the earliest possible application for this purpose, since it has been found exceedingly difficult, even with the best arrangements, to distribute tickets to 1200 members so that they may proceed, without loss of time, to their several sections on *Monday Morning*. It must be remembered, that the exertions of the General and Local Officers were most severely tasked to accomplish this object at Dublin, and it is therefore wisely resolved, on the present occasion, that the Local Members shall receive their tickets previous to the arrival of many visitors. Some other plans have been adopted to facilitate the dispatch of business.

Persons not resident in Bristol, who desire to become Members, should proceed, not to the Council House, but to a "Room of Inquiry" adjoining, where they will receive instructions how to proceed, and where all questions as to lodgings, ordinaries, houses of meeting, &c., will meet with proper attention.

The Rules of Admission are the same as last year, but we think it well to repeat them, for the information of all persons attending the Meeting for the first time:—

Fellows and Members of chartered literary and scientific societies, publishing Transactions, are entitled to become members of the Association, on subscribing an obligation to conform to its rules, and paying their subscription or composition. Office-bearers, members of council, or managing committees of philosophical institutions, and other members, recommended by such councils, are entitled in like manner to become members of the Association. Persons, not so qualified, may be elected members of the Association if duly recommended and approved of by the Central Council. The annual subscription is 1*l.*, paid in advance upon admission. The composition, or life-subscription, is 5*l.*

Persons who desire to offer communications to the Meeting, should inform the Secretaries of the Association of their intention by letter previously, and should inclose their communications to the Provisional Secretary of the Section to which they belong.

The following is a list of the Officers for the year 1836:—

President.—Marquis of Lansdowne.
Vice Presidents.—Rev. W. D. Conybeare, Mr. J. S. Harford, Dr. Prichard.

Secretaries of the Bristol Meeting.—Mr. J. V. Hovenden, Dr. Daubeny.

Treasurer of the Bristol Meeting.—Mr. G. Bengough.

General Secretaries.—Mr. Bailey, Rev. W. V. Harcourt.

Assistant General Secretary.—Professor Phillips.
General Treasurer.—Mr. John Taylor.

PROVISIONAL SECRETARIES OF SECTIONS.

SECTION A.—Mathematics and General Physics.—Mr. F. Jerrard.

Sec. B.—Chemistry and Mineralogy.—Mr. W. Herapath.

Sec. C.—Geology and Geography.—Mr. W. Sanders, Mr. Stutchbury.

Sec. D.—Zoology and Botany.—Dr. Riley, Mr. Rootsey.

Sec. E.—Anatomy and Medicine.—Dr. Symonds.

Sec. F.—Statistics.—Mr. C. B. Fripp.

Sec. G.—Mechanical Arts.—Mr. Bunt, Mr. West.

The order of business will be nearly the same as at Dublin.

The General Committee will hold its first Meet-

ing on Saturday, the 20th, to receive the Reports of the Council, &c., to appoint Committees, name Officers of Sections, issue instructions, and determine all questions relating to the conduct of the Meeting.

The Sections will meet daily, from Monday to Friday, the business of each being previously arranged by their Committees. It would be of little use to particularize the places of meeting of the several Sections—suffice it to say, that no efforts have been spared to render them every way commodious; they are certainly in general quite large enough for the reception of even numerous audiences; and the Members' tickets will contain a plan of the situation of the rooms. The General Meetings will be held in the Theatre, where feeble voices may be well heard, and at least 1600 comfortable seats are so contrived as to permit almost every one to see and be seen; and if the concourse should be even greater than this, a considerable space, and numerous good seats, remain in the Gallery. Refreshments will be provided in the adjoining rooms.

Ladies will be admitted, by tickets, to the General Evening Meetings, but not to the Sections—an arrangement consistent with the early plans of the Association, and which can seldom be departed from in future, owing to the great number of Members who now frequent the meetings.

The Ordinary is to be provided daily, in the rooms of the Horticultural Society, which will easily accommodate 500 persons. We hope that every place will be occupied every day;—since, assuredly, the cultivation of kindly feeling among the lovers of science is likely to be much promoted by the reasonable hilarity of good, but not luxurious, public dinners, more especially if, as we venture to recommend, the leading Members of the Association—on whom the eyes of their less gifted brethren are naturally turned,—are not too much withdrawn, by private hospitality, from augmenting, by their presence, the enjoyment of the festive rite.

THE DIORAMA, JULY 1836.

BY LADY MORGAN.

WHAT times are these! What new springs break out and bubble up from the small, deep-seated sources of art, increasing its power, multiplying its means! From the early and crude outlines of Cimabue's stony effigies of semi-barbarous humanity—without relief, light or shade—flat, dry, and inexpressive,—from the long-visaged virgins of Giotto, with their gold-powdered hair and elongated features and fingers, to the god within the eyes of Raphael's St. Cecilia, what a progress! Mind represented under all the influence of the passions—the moving, shifting, heaving passions—upon a flat surface, by the aid of a few colours, disposed as genius disposes all things, for the triumph of its magnificent intentions. This was a miraculous power, attained by means that breathe of inspiration, yet were still the results of slow and arduous experiment. The perfection of form or drawing, with the exhibition of moral expressions, were attained by the great masters of the art of painting, from the 15th to the 17th century: from Leonardo to Salvator, what an array of genius devoted to an art which the wants of the times, and of the times' great mistress—the church—called for. The peculiar genius of ages fell with the system of ages—and painting, from an agent of power, became solely a minister to the lowest demonstration of self-love; for the patron of the arts was, from the close of the 17th century, that eternal "amour-propre qui aime les portraits." To the fine heads of Titian and Vandike succeeded the pretty ones of Lilly and Kneller, of Coppel and Mignard. Salvator, Poussin, and Claude had reached the sublime, the learning, and the beauty of landscape; and that branch of art, so little known or prized in the early schools of painting, reached, by the conquest of the difficulties of perspective, its perfection with singular rapidity, and stopped short in the supposed attainment of its utmost excellence. But the warm flush of Claude's sun-sets was always warm, the deep green of Poussin's shades was always dark and green, and the desolation of Salvator's hurricane remained motionless monuments of a final result. The rock had been shattered by the flash before its abrupt sharp fragments were represented,

and the still life of what had been, alone is exhibited. Trees are blasted, not blasting—lights are dimmed, not dimming—shadows are deep, not deepening. Could Salvator have represented this world of sublime destruction in the act of being destroyed, how near to the terrible agency of nature would this great master of terror have approached! But his art reached not the out-pouring of the river flames of a volcano, or the falling of an avalanche over an Alpine village, with all its details of movement, and its horrible but rapid progress of destruction. The power of producing transitions of light and shade, with all their wondrous effects, from the broad blaze of the noon-day sun, to the murky mist of an unilluminated midnight, was never dreamed of by the greater masters of the art, in its most flourishing and palmy state. The shifting of seasons, the waning of hours, the dimming light and imperceptibly stealing shadow, (so often watched by the wanderer of the Abruzzi from the deep ravine, whence he threw up his eagle gaze, or from the rocky pinnacles where he stood, like one of his own light, bold, sharp-cut figures gazing on the warring elements around him,) defied him to represent their action. How often must he have indignantly admitted his own utter inability to reproduce the movement, and to give to the wild imagery of his Alpine scenery the life and change, and contrast, which his great mistress Nature zealously reserved within her own jurisdiction. Still the idea, perhaps the possibility, might have struck Salvator that the resources of scenic art were not yet exhausted, even by him and his glorious predecessors; and he might have sighed for time and energy to give to the world new proofs of the wondrous development of genius, by the aid of the mechanical sciences. It is strange that it should be reserved for an epoch, when the sublime art of painting lay prostrate, and limners and sergeant-painters of royal patrons succeeded to the free independent masters of republican Italy and Holland, to strike out the possibility of giving to a flat surface the round, and angle, and movement, of positive and substantial forms; and to produce the same effects of light and shade by art, as the progress of the solar system gives to nature. A German artist in the middle of the last century made the experiment on some ill-painted scenery of his own, at one of the Theatres Royal in London; but either the design was imperfectly accomplished, or the times were not ripe for rewarding the ingenuity of the artist; for the experiment did not succeed, or was not encouraged. The Dioramas of the present time have at last produced that miracle of optic illusion, to which the senses yield, and before which the imagination lies captive.

The author of this sketch, returning from Italy in the year 1820, arrived at the dreary little sun-cumbered hamlet of the Simplan, the day after the fall of an avalanche which had entombed one of its cottages and a military station, with their unfortunate inhabitants. She had thus received an impression of that dreadful, awful, and dismal phenomenon, which left an indelible picture of its details on her mind. It was late in the chill sunset of a spring evening, when she reached that region of eternal winter, where the solitary house—"the refuge for the destitute," (for all travellers of the fearful Alps to a certain degree are that)—appeared partially and dark amongst mounds of snow and a *débris* of rocks. The postmaster and his family were still in grief and consternation, from the effects of the recent dreadful and desolating incident—the small and ill-provided tenement was full of travellers, stopped by the state of the weather, the postmaster not deeming it safe to allow his guests and *protégés* to proceed. It was during this dreary abode in the inn of the Simplan, that time was given to contemplate the ravages of the late hurricane in all their frightful imagery, and to hear details the most awful, the most heart-breaking, incidental only to that region of the horrible and the destructive, which no other site or clime could produce. Had one of the impressive auditors been present at the fall of the avalanche, or involved in some of its fearful consequences, she would not have received a more graphic or awful impression of the action of the tragedy. Time had effaced nothing of its traits when she took her seat in front of the village of Alagna, now exhibiting at the Diorama. The darkness

of the *locale*, heightened by the transition from the broad glare of an effulgent July noon—the chillness produced from excluded light and air—the silence which the departure of one set of spectators (before the arrival of another) left behind it—and the sole and all-engrossing object of the sublime, dreary, and astonishing exhibition of the Alpine scenery of Piedmont, which rose at once upon the eye in all the vraisemblance of the region it represented, completed an illusion to which the imagination was an accomplice, and against which the mind and senses made no resistance.

The village of Alagna, which stands at the head of the Val-Sesia, and in the neighbourhood of one of the great headlands of destruction, Monte Rosa, the very *nido paterno* of glaciers and avalanches—exhibits in its little, simple, and laborious community the tyranny of habit, and the insensibility to danger, or want of forethought over a people whose intellects are little worked, and whose caution, through density of temperament, is rarely awakened. It is in vain that Monte Rosa, in past or recent times, flings down its avalanche, and buries beneath its overwhelming masses the inhabitants of the village of Alagna. No provision against the future (but certain) catastrophe is made by its innocent and laborious inhabitants, miners, whose work in the neighbouring copper-mines requires a proximate residence; fathers have perished, and paternal homes lie buried under the indissoluble snows; but sons still congregate near the site, and new generations expose themselves to those devastating phenomena, which have from time to time overwhelmed the old, far as the ruin extended. But the village of Alagna is now at peace; the storm is yet far off, and the Alpine scenery, more sublime and picturesque than terrible, is now seen reposing in the moonlight. The surrounding Alps and peaked mountains are bathed in one broad silver tint—the little lake in the foreground, dark, shallow, and plashy, formed evidently of melted or melting snow, appears to have a motion actually trembling; the perfect outline of a most picturesque cottage, whose kindling fire, within, throws a red ray on the water, and whose curling smoke, without, rises gracefully, stains the deep blue atmosphere, and incorporates itself with the fleecy snows of the peaks above. Beyond, as the moon sinks, a few bright lights twinkle in the air and on the water, and mark out the village, dignified with its spire, the land-mark of its church, or of some little cloistered community. All around rise the awful Alps, sublime and terrible, already darkening in a hurricane, and shaking down their light and swelling snows in the deep ravine beneath. Still all is peace, until the storm breaks out in sudden gusts, and as yet the snow falls in innoxious flakes! The moon sinks to rest, and so does the simple work-weary community of Alagna: the lights in the villages are gradually extinguished, the fire of the foreground cottage is quenched—the smoke rises no more, and gradually, deep dense darkness involves the salient silvered details of the sublime whole! Sounds as sublime rise on the stillness, a distant muffled thunder-roll is heard, and then a perpetual whistling wind, with short sudden blasts, and then lengthened gusts, and then louder thunder. But the inhabitants of Alagna sleep on, surrounded by danger—they disregard its awful warning summons: but some one wakes and wonders, and then seeks to alarm; a speck of light suddenly gleams forth from the little spire—the bell tolls, at first loudly, then faintly! it tolls the requiem of a last sleep to the inhabitants of Alagna, but fails to arouse them! The hurricane increases, the light is extinguished, the bell tolls no more, the tumbling avalanche thunders, and the utter darkness that follows buries all! There is a pause.

The imagination passes over dreary hours—the day dawns in its first light on the highest peak of Monte-Rosa; it descends into the valley, shines upon the little lake, upon the cottage which has escaped the general ruin, and reveals the whole sad scene of desolation, of the pleasant pretty village of the valley, on which the moon shone so cheerily the preceding evening. The site it occupied is now represented by a heaving sea of snow, which fills up the valley of Sesia: the spire alone remains—its dark small shaft alone marks the spot, where a few hours before so many lived and loved, and awakened to sleep—for ever!

The action of all this melo-dramatic scene, this tragedy of nature's own composition, was so finely conceived, so exquisitely executed, that there was no chance of the judgment detecting the illusion: the faint and fainter toll of the tocsin—the fall of darkness—the outbreak of day—the slow brightening of the precipitous shafts of the snow mountains—the coming out of the outline of the foreground cottage—the appearance of the village, and the church and spire, and a thousand details—all appropriate, and in the truth of nature, restore the mind to its cheerful contemplation of the beautiful and sublime, which first struck it on entering the magic circle of the Diorama.

"*La ronde machine*" (as Rabelais calls the earth) turns on its axis, and the eye glazed by snows and icicles, the fancy scared by fearful heights and perilous precipices, repose with a new sensation of admiration at the entrance of the church of Santa Croce, the Pantheon of Florence. How often has the writer of this sketch, at all hours and seasons, raised the dark heavy cloth curtain which hangs before its vast and ponderous portals, and took a long look up its immense nave and side aisles, and beheld their noble Gothic arches and octagon columns, tinged with hues of all lights, their elegant proportions and acute points defined and coloured—sometimes by the red hues of sunset, sometimes by the silver tinge of moonlight: silence and the sadness of religious solitude, which "so feelingly tell us what we are," breathing over all. The long perspective which breaks upon the eye of the spectator of the Santa Croce, in the Diorama, is as the place itself;—the noble and ancient edifice, one of the finest specimens of the ecclesiastic architecture of the thirteenth century, comes forth to the imagination in all the lustre and brightness of a sunshiny Italian noon—nothing escapes the bright and searching light which falls in a thousand coloured hues from the high narrow casements of stained glass, or penetrates with a long yellow glare from the uncurtained portals. It now falls fully on the sarcophagus of Michael Angelo on the right, and brightens the marble statues which decorate the tomb of the greatest painter, sculptor, and architect of his great age, stretching onward to the bust above. The tomb of Petrus Michalius is partially seen peering from behind one of the columns of a lateral altar, and a light tinges the noble statue of Mourning Italy, which weeps over the tomb of Alfieri, till it looks like some votive statue of silver.

The statue of Machiavel, reclining on his own sarcophagus, is also in full relief; while the only monument that the nature of the perspective discovers on the left, is that of the unfortunate Galileo. These are great names to read, great effigies to behold—they withdraw the attention from splendid altars, from columns and pilasters, and other architectural wonders; and if now and then the eye wanders up the vast nave, which smells of incense after the last celebration of mass, or twinkles before the exceeding brightness of the brazen candelabras and chandeliers, which reflect the sunlight, it reposes on the tombs of the illustrious dead, whose names must live so long as art endures. Yet, while contemplating this imagery, they become less bright and distinct; the modifications of effect from declining light are so gradually alternated as to be scarcely observed. A twilight steals over the whole. Some salient point of the statues of Michael Angelo's tomb catch the last light; some details of Alfieri's monument still gleam—the season of noontide melts into evening. The church seems chill, and grey, and misty; and to the reserved tints of evening succeeds the deepest obscurity of midnight; which has scarcely involved all objects in its darkness, when the sudden illumination of the chandeliers and candelabras, suspended from the columns, or placed on the altars, brightens parts of the vast edifice—the empty chairs before the choir fill with votarists—the august ceremony of high mass begins—the organ peals—the incense smokes—the tinkling of the bell announces the elevation of the host; and when these sounds die away, the artificial lights are extinguished, and a grey cold dawn is succeeded by a full flood of morning sunshine, which discovers the nave, and aisles, and monuments of the Santa Croce, in the same tone of light by which it was at first seen.

Effects so opposite in character, so natural, so

picturesque in effect, produce an illusion so perfect, that the mind, when left to itself, is never for a moment awakened to the belief that this wondrous exhibition is not the thing it represents; that those salient monuments, those remote perspectives, those lessening aisles, those faint gleams, and fainter shadows, are all the effect of light and shade—all produced on a flat surface, and by ordinary colours; and as long as silence continues unbroken, it is impossible to detect the cheat to which the senses so implicitly submit. But unfortunately for the imagination and its pleasures, sounds do break on the startled ear that produce an electric shock; ideas are obtruded that fright the fancy from its dream, and images the most sublime and poetic abruptly vanish before impressions of most prosaic vulgarity, and associations of the most commonplace character.

The visitors of the Diorama have not all been "posters of the sea and land,"—have not all within themselves the key-note of a successive association, which the peaks of Monte-Rosa and the high, arched aisles of Santa Croce call forth with magic influence and reality. To many, the Diorama is merely a show-box; and the first approach from the full glare of bright summer daylight into utter darkness, is one of startling and suspicious apprehension. The women are always foremost in this gloomy expedition; the wife generally leads the forlorn hope of family curiosity,—she is sure to be in advance of the husband, who holds cautiously by her dress; the mother pioneers for her son, who clings to her side; and sounds of fear and doubt prelude the seating of the timid spectators. The obtrusion of such visitors in some moment of awful sublimity, which has plunged the long-seated, silent, and imaginative spectator into the deepest illusions of the senses, is frequently productive of the most provoking and ludicrous results. The first plunge into the Cimmerian darkness of the vestibule of the Diorama, is always a shock; and those unaccustomed to master the expression of their sensations, whom the restraints of *bon-ton*, or of education, have not placed under an habitual controul of emotion, blurt out their exclamations of surprise, amazement, or annoyance, in phrase or figures, against which the avalanche of Alagna can make no head,—the midnight mass-bells of Santa Croce no stand! It was at the moment that the little shrine lighted up its beacon, to warn the sleeping inhabitants in the fabled village of its coming destruction, when every nerve of the excited spectator was in a state of irritable extension, that a voice roared athwart the breathless silence, in the words and accent of the Irish hero of the Tarpean, "Jesus, where am I going to!" and a general laugh dispelled every previous sympathy for the victims of the overwhelming avalanche. When the enchanted spectator stood, or fancied she stood, at the curtained portals of the Santa Croce, gazing on the monuments of Michael Angelo and Machiavel, while the organ pealed, and the incense breathed, a voice, "not loud but deep," growled out, "I'll trouble you, Miss, to remove your umbrella off my toe, please!"

During the whole first beautiful exhibition of the Alpine scenery, a lady, who had *chaperoned* a young gentleman, narrated, in an audible voice, her trip to Italy in 1830, beginning with the loss of her dressing-box at Tower Stairs, and ending with her *coup de soleil* at Naples,—disputing the fidelity of every feature of the Piedmontese Alps, and every trait of the Santa Croce, (whom she mistook for the Duomo of Florence,) describing a night spent at St. Mary's Major, at Rome,—strenuously advising her not alas! sole auditor, to read Mrs. Starke's book on Italy, in preference to every other: it would prevent him being cheated on the road, and enable him to detect the impositions of those universal impostors everywhere, the washerwomen, or, as you must call them in Italy, "the *Blanchishoes*." On the other side, that most devoted of human devotees, a devoted wife, read in a loud voice to a deaf and purblind husband, whose deficient senses she was aiding, the description of every scene, and modification of light and shade, from the programme in her hands; beginning every recital with—"Now, dear, you are going to see"; "Now, dear, you are out of Piedmont, in Switzerland, and now you are going to see the Santa Croce of Italy; this celebrated church was built by Arnolfo di Lapo, in 1204; the ground plan

is in the form of a Greek cross, being 430 feet in length, and 125 in breadth," &c. and thus going through the printed account of every monument, she ended with "organ furnished by Messrs. Robson, 101, St. Martin's-lane." More than one of the spectators rose and left the place; "the force of patience could no further go." It was on the occasion of a second and very early visit to the Diorama, that the writer of this sketch had an opportunity of enjoying its wondrous illusions, with the accompanying charm of silence and seeming solitude, and of thus being able to pay her tribute of admiration to the ingenuity and talent of the artist, who has given his aid to the further development and power of an art, which the mighty geniuses of the middle ages have consecrated with an almost religious character.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE appearance of the second number of *The Dublin Review*,—avowedly Catholic, will be regarded with different feelings, according to the quality of different minds. For our own parts, satisfied that truth can never lose by publicity and discussion, we rejoice that the work has been undertaken. In Ireland there is no reading public—even *The Dublin Penny Journal*, a work of considerable merit and somewhat national in character, has, we regret to hear, been discontinued—and perhaps the best chance of introducing the novelty, is by means of theology. People will take the Review, to see how polemics are handled; and will read its philosophy, politics, and natural science, because they have bought them and paid for them. *The Dublin Review* and *The Dublin University Magazine*, Catholic and Protestant, are the first publications of the sort likely to take root in the soil. A great disadvantage under which Ireland labours, is its geographical position; it cannot easily get into Europe, and the *Dublin Review* may carry Europe into Ireland. Its conductors, therefore, have in their hands an engine which may be worked to a good purpose. Amongst the Maynooth clergy, more especially, the dissemination of general information, and of theological doctrine purified by its passage through the atmosphere of public opinion, will prove beneficial, and tend to counteract the mischief that results from the illiberal and scanty foundation which parliament has provided for Catholic education. In this view, we are rather indifferent to the particular doctrines inculcated. If they be right, the world will be a gainer; if false, they will not be preached in private, nor disseminated by stealth, and there are plenty of writers ready to controvert and refute them. We continue, therefore, to watch the appearances of the Review with interest; trusting that it will become a powerful instrument of Irish civilization. This second number more than sustains the character acquired by the first. The articles which are neither political nor polemical please us (we are not Irish) the best; the criticism on 'Ion' is sound, and we, at least, may be excused for thinking it just.—The present number of the *Edinburgh* does not present a very tempting table of contents; but it has nevertheless some good papers. That on the works of Cowper is chiefly remarkable for the sound sense of its observations on the unfortunate poet's lunacy. It is scarcely possible to do a better service to religion than by thus relieving it from the incubus of fanaticism. The moral which the reviewer has drawn from a very melancholy tale, is the only sound moral it affords; and it may be useful to many. The article on Country Banking is, we think, well-timed. If an over-issue of doubtful paper be at the bottom of the present flourishing state (?) of our manufactures, now is the time to remedy the abuse and to prevent unspeakable calamity, which must otherwise ensue to the country. In these cases, the "stitch in time" is everything. As a whole, however, we have seen better and more important numbers.

We are glad to hear from an old friend, and one whose eye has been trained and disciplined by a long residence in Italy, so good a report of the exhibition at the Plymouth Athenæum. He makes special mention of pictures by Rembrandt and Annibale Caracci; of works by Reynolds, Wilson, Morland, and Gainsborough; and of a collection of drawings by Lieut.-Col. Smith, an amateur, he speaks in terms of high admiration. We like to hear of these

provincial exhibitions; they are the best possible means to diffuse a knowledge and a love of art.—As our attention has been thus incidentally drawn to the subject of art, we must, we suppose, say something of Mr. Matthew Cotes Wyatt's statue of George III. This is the artist who executed in "mosaic-sculpture" the "late Earl of Dudley's dog Bashaw," which was so perseveringly announced through the streets of London, by men in masquerade costume, last season, and criticised in a literary journal in the very words of the letter addressed to us by the artist, inviting us to a public breakfast and a private view. Now, whatever may be the merit of Mr. Wyatt, we think him singularly fortunate in finding critics with such confiding faith,—and, so far as the statue of George III. is concerned, a Committee so deeply sensible of his unapproachable genius; for it appears (see *Times* newspaper) that Colonel Trench stated in his opening address, that having occasion lately to depose in Chancery to certain facts connected with the proposed erection of this Statue, he "did upon oath declare, that he had never seen any work, ancient or modern, which he thought so beautiful," and, he added, "I see near me a gallant friend of mine who made an affidavit to the same effect;" and Col. Trench, he it remembered, has on more than one occasion been put forward as a gentleman especially conversant with art. Now who dare venture to dissent from such authorities? For our own part we are often perplexed to understand the grounds on which admiration is so lavishly bestowed on the works of living artists: such judgments seem to proceed on quite unique principles. We begin indeed to suspect that a man must have a taste peculiar for modern art—a sense for its beauty and none else. To us, for instance, the composition, as a whole, of Wyatt's statue is an eyesore: the *coup-d'œil* striking indeed, but only from its extreme ugliness. If the essence of sculpture, *repose*, be sacrificed, it surely ought to be in favour of no movement less sublime than that of Falconet's *Czar Peter*, or Giovanni di Bologna's *Hercules and Centaur*. A loftier imagination than Mr. Wyatt's might have been at fault, to make a fine figure out of George III.; but could anything be more preposterous, or out of keeping than to place the quiet old gentleman on a steed striking out at both ends like a *Hippocamp*? to put a grave country squire on a charger, that looks as if he were dancing a saraband like "Bankes's Horse"? There is some pretty good modelling about the head and neck of the latter, and other details may have their particular merit; but all are stuck together, rather than cast at once, as they should be, in the foundry of the imagination. Mr. Wyatt appears to us never to have heard of such a thing as *chiaroscuro* in sculpture; hence his masses of light and shadow are broken up into the harshest effects throughout the whole statue. Is it not strange that with *Le Sueur's* little work close beside (at Charing Cross), so trim and symmetrical, though by no means in a high style of art, our statues should remain stone-blind to the most obvious principles of composition? That is the work of an artist, however humble—this of an artizan, however ambitious. We too should have much preferred the native sombreness of bronze to that gaudy lacker, which makes great George look like a gingerbread king for big babies: it is fit only for a *Louis Quatorze*, or the figure-head of an alderman's barge. But this opinion is offered with deference, and must be received with due allowance, for Col. Trench and "his gallant friend" have never seen any work ancient or modern so beautiful!

We have great pleasure in giving publicity to the following communication from Baron von Hammer, now Baron Hammer von Purgstall.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Vienna.

Sir,—A couple of months ago, the *Gazette de France* was pleased to assert in an article on the French translation of my Othoman History, that I was rewarded for its dedication by H. M. the Emperor of Russia, with the sum of one hundred thousand rubles. I immediately contradicted the assertion in a letter directed to the *redacteur*, requesting him to insert it, but as he has not done me this simple act of justice, I beg of you the favour to insert this letter in your paper, containing my declaration, that I never received one farthing either from H. M. the Emperor, or from the government of

Russia, neither for a dedication or any literary work whatsoever, nor for services of any kind.—I have the honour to be, your most obedient servant,

"HAMMER PURGSTALL."

Close of the Present Exhibition.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.

The Gallery, with a Selection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS of the ITALIAN, SPANISH, FLEMISH, and DUTCH SCHOOLS, including two of the celebrated Murillo's, of the second Soult's Collection, which His Grace the Duke of Sutherland has most liberally allowed the Directors to exhibit for the benefit of the Institution, is open daily, from 10 in the Morning till 6 in the Evening; and will be closed on Saturday the 27th instant.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

NOW OPEN, TWO PICTURES, painted by Le Chevalier Bouton. The Subjects are, the VILLAGE of ALAGNA, in Piedmont, and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE, at Florence. The Village is first seen by moonlight, surrounded by its peaked mountains, with a lake in the foreground, formed by the melting of the snow; the lights from the distant houses are reflected upon its surface—the avalanches sweeping from their lofty summits, overwhelm the village. The coming day reveals the scene of desolation; and the simple spire alone remains as evidence of what hath been. The merits of the second Picture, the Interior of the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence, are so well known as to render detail unnecessary;—it exhibits all the effects of light and shade, from noon-day till midnight.—Open from 10 till 5.

MISCELLANEA

Thomas Campbell.—A public dinner has been given at Edinburgh to 'The Bard of Hope,' at which Professor Wilson presided, and, according to the report in the daily papers, it went off with a spirit worthy the occasion. Campbell, however, in proposing the health of the chairman, is said to have mentioned an anecdote "connected with Professor Wilson, to the effect that John Wilson (the ornithologist), who went to America, was mistaken for the poet, and landed on the shore of that country amidst the clapping of hands all over New Orleans, and was walked into the interior of the country in great state. But the Americans, on being told by the said John Wilson, that he was not the great John Wilson, turned round upon him with indignation, and were going to tar and feather him—(great laughter and cheering)". This may be considered a good anecdote, only it cannot be true. Wilson the ornithologist landed in America about the time the Professor was born; assuredly he died within twelve months of the publication of the 'Isle of Palms,' and before *Blackwood's Magazine* was in existence.

Champollion.—The monument erected at Figeac, to the memory of Champollion, is an Egyptian obelisk of the purest and severest style, of very hard fine granite, from a quarry near Figeac. It bears an inscription to the following effect: "To the memory of F. J. T. Champollion, who first penetrated into the mysteries contained in the writing and monuments of ancient Egypt, and who was taken from Science by a premature death, on the 4th of March, 1832. He was born at Figeac, the 23rd of September, 1791."

Don Antonio Solà.—This celebrated Spanish sculptor, director of the Spanish Academy at Rome, has finished a fine bronze statue of Cervantes, at the Plaza de Santa Catalina, at Madrid.

The Last Judgment.—The French Government have sent M. Segalon to make a copy of Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment,' in the Sistine chapel, the size of the original.

Versailles.—The equestrian statue of Louis XIV. is erected at Versailles, in the Cour Royale. Near the Orangerie, in the garden, is also placed a statue on foot, of Napoleon, in full imperial costume.

Marocco.—The Emperor of Marocco has ordered that all possible aid may be given to the crews of vessels who are in danger, or who have suffered from shipwreck. This is a rapid stride towards civilization, considering the policy hitherto adopted.

Warm Springs of Sextus.—It will be remembered that we some time back mentioned the peculiarities attending on the warm springs of Sextus, and the intention of M. Freycinet to observe them on the spot. It appears that they have their summer and their winter temperature, and that their greatest heat takes place when the volume of water is the least, which is probably caused by there being at that time no addition of water from other sources; for this diminution takes place when the neighbouring springs dry up. The springs of Sextus never entirely disappear. A solid substance, obtained, by a druggist of Marseilles, by evaporation, has been sent to the French Academy of Sciences.

New Island.—The rocks which have gradually appeared near the surface of the sea, in the Gulf of Santorini, in the Grecian Archipelago, continue to rise so rapidly, that in 1840 (should they continue to do so in the same proportion) they will be worthy of the name of an island. The volcano has been supposed to be extinct, but this lifting up of the soil would show, that, during the last fifty years, it has made many efforts at irruption.

Floating Wood.—The prodigious quantity of wood brought by the sea to Iceland, is thought by M. Eugene Robert, to come from two continents at least. Trees are thrown ashore there, sometimes without roots, and without bark, the latter being frequently found by the side, folded like a roll of parchment. M. Robert has not been able to procure any floating fruits, but he has ascertained, that mahogany is often landed in Iceland in the above manner.

Porcelain.—The pink colour which ornaments the English porcelain has been hitherto unknown in France, and when required in that country, was always bought here. M. Malagutti, of the manufactory of Sèvres, has analyzed this colour till he is now able to compose it. In the course of his experiments he discovered another colour, similar to crimson lake, which is much more durable than any derived from the animal kingdom, and which may be advantageously employed in oil painting.

Maize Sugar.—Dr. Ballas having sent two specimens of the maize sugar to the French Academy of Sciences, M. Biot has submitted them to certain experiments of polarization, in order to ascertain their precise nature. The deviation of the luminous rays to the right of the place of polarization, in an aqueous solution of this sugar, after filtration, and the proportion of its inversion to the left by the addition of liquid sulphuric acid, have been found by M. Biot to agree with the pure sugar derived from the cane.

Potato Beer.—M. Baling, Professor of Chemistry at Prague, has succeeded in making an excellent beer from potatoes. It is the colour of wine, is very strong, and very agreeable to the taste.

Rattlin the Reefer.—The following is the reply published in the *Metropolitan*, and alluded to last week. "That we think highly of this publication is evident by our having permitted two-thirds of it to appear in the pages of this magazine, &c. We think it our duty to the author to notice a remark made upon 'Rattlin the Reefer' by a justly-influential periodical. The reviewer says, 'Would any country reader imagine, that 'Rattlin the Reefer,' edited by the author of 'Peter Simple,' is no other than 'The Life of a Sub-Editor,' which appeared in the *Metropolitan*?' Surely this is an unworthy deception practised on book buyers." We will now put the imputer of unworthy deception right as to the real facts of the case. The work was begun as a romantic biography, and consisted, up to a certain point, of facts but thinly disguised. It was then felt by the author, that his first intention could not be carried into effect; that he ought not to bring the recital of events to a date too recent; and, when he found that he could not proceed without involving living characters in his details, he ceased writing 'The Life of a Sub-Editor' in the magazine altogether, thus stopping short, by many years, of the period when he commenced his avowed literary career. He then, at the instigation of his publisher, finished in fiction what he began in fact—certainly no great crime. Now, as to the deception of the title: Mr. Bentley could not have called these three volumes by the title of a 'Life of a Sub-Editor,' because not one word of a sub-editor is mentioned throughout. But still more strongly to repel the charge of deception, we have only to call the reader's attention to the advertisement of the first volume, in which all this is briefly stated." How this alters or qualifies the facts, as stated in the *Athenæum*, we are unable to comprehend.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Meteorological Table.—A correspondent directs our attention to the fact, that the highest point of the thermometer (s.k.) on the 1st and 2nd of July is stated to have been lower than the recorded height given in the same table, on the same days, at 3 o'clock, and requests us to make the correction. There is no error. If our correspondent will turn to any volume of the 'Transactions of the Royal Society,' he will find numberless instances of like disagreement. If the registers have been accurately compared, it follows, that a self-registering thermometer can only be considered as approximating to the truth.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—The Classes in the School will be RE-OPENED on TUESDAY, the 16th of August, at 9 o'clock in the Morning.

THE SENIOR AND MEDICAL DEPARTMENTS will be RE-OPENED on MONDAY, the 3rd October next.

DRAWING TAUGHT.—A Young Lady, who has three days a week disengaged, would be happy to give LESSONS IN DRAWING, either at Schools or in Private Families, on very moderate terms.—Letters to be addressed (post paid) to S. S., No. 23, Northumberland-street, Strand.

EDUCATION IN FRANCE, CALAIS.—YOUNG LADIES are carefully BOARDED and EDUCATED in a highly-respectable Seminary established upwards of 16 years. Terms, 25 guineas per annum. Prospectuses may be had of F. de Forquet & Cooper, Bookbinders and School Agents, 11, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF BRITISH ART.THE Subscribers are informed that the following Distribution of the Pictures purchased this Season was made by Lot on Saturday, the 6th August, at 2 o'clock, in pursuance of the Notice previously given.

No. 13. The Thames at Northfleet, by A. Vick. 39. Cavern at Sorrento, by W. Havell. 41. Watering Place—Morning, by G. Barrett. 57. Street in France, by W. A. Wilson. 151. Neapolitan Peasants, by H. Howard, R.A. 154. Gipsy Scene, Hampstead Heath, by F. Nash. 180. Quay at Dublin, by T. Creswick. 222. River Scene—Moonlight, by E. Child. 257. Edinburgh from the Sea, by W. A. Knell.

R. Ford, Esq. R. Jennings, Esq. J. Howard, Esq. H. Mackenzie, Esq. Alarie Watts, Esq. H. Davidson, Esq. Thos. Hunt, Esq. O. E. Johnson, Esq. Thos. Borough, Esq.

SALOON OF ARTS, ROYAL VICTORIA ARCADE, RYDE.

This Establishment will be opened in the latter end of August, for the EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS, SPECIMENS OF PLATES, AND CASTS OF ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNS, MODELS, AND PROOF IMPRESSIONS OF ENGRAVINGS, subject to the following REGULATIONS.

I. All Works of Art sent for Exhibition or Sale must have the Names of the respective Artists conspicuously marked thereon, and if more than one, they must be numbered. A list containing the number, a written description of the several performances, the price with or without the frame and glass, if intended for sale, together with the residence of the Proprietor or Artist, must be addressed to the Superintendent, G. A. Hillier, at No. 6, Royal Victoria Arcade, Ryde.

II. No Picture can be admitted without a frame.

III. A Commission of ten per cent. will be charged on the amount of all Works of Art sold, and all expenses to and from Artists to the Saloon of Arts will in consequence be paid by the Superintendent.

IV. All Monies arising from the sale of Works of Art, will be paid to the respective Proprietors, when received from the Purchasers.

V. Every care will be taken of the Works of Art, but the Superintendent does not hold himself responsible for any damage accidentally incurred.

VI. As the object of this Establishment will be the CONTINUOUS Exhibition of Works of Art, those intended for sale will be allowed to be removed as soon as sold; but those intended for Exhibition only, must remain for Three Months at least.

Mr. J. Green, jun. 14, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, will send for, pack, and forward to Ryde, Pictures which any Artist residing in London may wish to exhibit.

For further particulars, or to take Shops in the Royal Victoria Arcade, application to be made (if by letter, post paid), to Mr. G. A. Hillier, No. 6, Royal Victoria Arcade, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

TO MERCHANTS, OR LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEN.

THE Friends of a Gentleman in his 30th year, who has been engaged in more than one situation of importance, in which, with literary pursuits, has been united a complete and systematic keeping of accounts, the duties of which offices he has discharged with great ability and with great credit to himself, are desirous to secure for him, if possible, previously to the termination of his present engagement, either a situation of respectability in a Mercantile House, where his complete knowledge of business, an extensive acquaintance with foreign languages and with figures generally, and writing a superior hand, would render his services extremely desirable; or in an institution, where his erudition, coupled with gentlemanly demeanour, would fit him, it is hoped, to carry on with effect any office which might be intrusted to him; or an appointment as Private Secretary to any Nobleman or Gentleman, to whom the services of an individual, possessing, in addition to the qualifications here described, much general information and experience, would be desirable. The parties who cause the insertion of this advertisement are fully aware of the somewhat novel position in which they place themselves; but they are nevertheless sensible that while by this method they overcome the scruples of one who would shrink from doing himself common justice by means of an advertisement, they are likely to be of little benefit to those who may require such official service as their friend is so competent to render. The most respectable testimonials and references can be furnished, and security, if required, be given.

Letters addressed to H. W. and T. P., at Mr. Wilkinson's, 24, Strand, will receive immediate attention.

TO ARTISTS, TOURISTS, AND ADMIRERS OF THE FINE ARTS.

PARLOUR'S PATENT PORTABLE SKETCHING CASE, or Delinicator, is confidently recommended to the notice of all persons attached to the Science of Drawing, as being infinitely superior to the Camera Lucida, and all other instruments hitherto invented for the purpose of sketching. The Sketching Case may be held in the hand, and a correct drawing made of any object or landscape, or it may be attached to a table in the same manner as the Camera Lucida. It is a simple and easy instrument, and does not exceed in price the common sketch book. Manufactured for the Patentee by Reeves & Sons, 150, Cheapside, and may be had also of Smith & Warner, Marylebone-street, Piccadilly; Huntly, Optician, 24, Regent-street; Cary, Optician, 24, Regent-street; & Hill & Opticians, Charing-cross; Winsor & Newtons, Rathbone-place; and at all other Opticians and Artists' Repositories.

MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT BRISTOL, 1836.

ROYAL GLOUCESTER HOTEL, CLIFTON HOT-WEELS.

JAMES IVATTS deems it necessary respectfully to inform the Nobility and Gentry who propose to honour him with their patronage during the ensuing Meeting of the Association, that he has made arrangements in every department of his establishment, to meet the increased demand of his patrons at this period, and render their visit free from the annoyances generally attending so numerous an assemblage in a provincial city as that anticipated on the present occasion. The spacious Ball Room, 82 feet by 32, will be fitted up for the reception of Dinner Parties, *Dejeuners à la Fourchette*, &c. in addition to the existing accommodations.

His selection of Wines, Liqueurs, and *Comestibles* he confidently hopes will ensure him a continuance of those favours, for which he begs to offer his grateful acknowledgments.

EIGHT-KEYED COCOA FLUTES, with Patent Heads, Plates to the C Keys, the Keys, Tips, &c. of real Silver. Price only 5s. 3s.—Instruments of the above description, but with German Silver Keys, &c. price 3s. 6d. These Instruments are made by experienced workmen, of the very best wood, and warranted perfectly in tune.—To be had of Mr. H. Penton, Teacher of the Flute and Piano-forte, 17, Northumberland-street, Strand.—N.B. A fortnight's trial allowed. Old Flutes taken in exchange.

Office, 14, Chandos-street, Strand, Aug. 13.

CAUTION TO BOOKSELLERS, COLLECTORS, ETC.

W. KIDD hereby cautions the Town and Country Trade, Collectors, and others generally, against being misled by the answers almost invariably given to the VICINITY OF PATERNOSTER-ROW, to inquiries for his Publications. He begs to say that they are not, any of them, 'out of print,' and that, being stereotyped, they may be had at any time, and in any quantities, by application at the Office as above; or of W. Kidd's Agents: R. Groombridge, 3, Panzer-alley, Paternoster-row; G. Mann, 20, Cornhill; and J. Kames, 77, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

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Sales by Auction.

SOUTHGATE'S ROOMS.

VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS. By Messrs. SOUTHGATE & SON, at their Weekly Sale Rooms, 22, Fleet-street, THIS DAY (August 18th).

IN FOLIO: Description de l'Égypte, fol. pendant l'Expedition de l'Armée Française, 8 vols. apud 8 vols. of Plates—Cook's & Horner's—Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, 4 vols.—Dance's Portraits, 2 vols.—Roy's Military Antiquities—Duncan's Caesar—Clarke's Works, 4 vols.—IS QUARTO: Rees's Encyclopedia, 4 vols.—Encyclopædia Metropolitana, 10 vols.—Neale's Gentlemen's Seats, 5 vols.—Scott's Field Sports, 3 vols.—Malcolm's Persia, 2 vols.—Wood's Athenæ Oxoniensis, 4 vols.—Folke's Coins—Evelyn's Sylva, 2 vols.—AND IN OCTAVO: Bloomfield's Norfolk, 11 vols.—Martin's British Colonies, 5 vols.—Scott's Prose Works, 25 vols.—Barbault's Novellists, 50 vols.—Pope's Works, by Roscoe, 10 vols.—Selections from the Edinburgh Review, 4 vols.—Orator's Art, 16 vols.—Napier's Penitential War, 3 vols.—Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual, 4 vols. large paper.

ORIENTAL BOOKS, PERSIAN MANUSCRIPTS, HEBREW AND LATIN LEXICON IN MS. &c. May be viewed, and Catalogues had at the Rooms.

On THURSDAY, August 18th, and following Days, A COLLECTION OF FINE ENGRAVINGS, DRAWINGS, AND PAINTINGS.

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AMONG WHICH ARE, The Stafford, Grosvenor, Leicester, and Miles's Galleries—Brookshaw's Pomona—Goldsmith's Animated Nature—Le Sage's Atlas—Lothian and Brown's General Atlas—Walker's Classical Atlas—Carronell's Scottish Coinage—Porter's Travels—Williamson's Field Sports—Butler's Hudibras—The Palace—Englefield's Isle of Wight—Napier's Penitential War—Watts's Gentlemen's Seats—Middiman's Views—Gallery of Nature and Art—Burney's Music—Girtin's Portraits—Taylor's Short Hand—Malton's Perspective—Garrick in the Green Room, after Hogarth, by Ward, the Steel Plate and Stock—Turner's Views in Yorkshire—Otley's History of Engraving—Siege of Gibraltar, and Sortie from Gibraltar, the Copperplates by Sharp, with remaining Impressions—Hollar's Large View of London in 1647, lithographed by Martin—THE STEREOPLATE PLATES and STOCK of Leigh Hunt's London Journal, 3 vols. folio—Bosnia, 5 vols.—Egan's Life in London—Egan's Finish—valuable Works in Quires, &c.

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A N EXTENSIVE COLLECTION IN EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE, many privately printed, or on large paper, particularly Old Poetry, Plays, Works relating to the Drama, Topography, Mathematics, large Quantity of Tracts, Manuscripts, &c. many with Autographs of Distinguished Individuals.

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